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THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

THERE once was a little brown boy who lived among the birds. They were all about his cottage, flying back and forth, and he listened to their singing as he went about his work; and always, as he entered the dark wood, there was a bird in the apple-tree near by, that sent its pretty song after him; and when he came out of the wood, there was a twittering and a chirping, that told him he was once more in the sunlight, under the blue sky. When he was chopping wood or gathering berries, or going behind the lowing kine from the pasture, it was nothing strange to him that birds should be flying above and around him, catching his eye with their bright plumage, and his ear with their fine songs.

But there was one that he learned to single out from the others, — a little brown bird, — and this one he meant to keep all to himself. He made a cage of osiers, and found a place in his cottage where he could hang it. The hook was let into the ceiling, and in the cage he placed water, and seeds in vessels. Then he said, — "Little bird, will you come to me?" and he scattered before it the seeds that he had so often seen the little bird eat. But the bird had seen the boy make the cage, and hang it in his house, and it refused to go to him. It flew away, and with it flew also all the others; and now it was silent and very dull around the cottage.

"Nevertheless," said he to himself, "I must have the bird;" and for a long time he sought it, and caught glimpses of it, or heard its distant song; but in vain did he seek to take it prisoner.

At last the little boy grew wiser. He went

back to his homely work, to live alone; he put the cage away, — yes, he broke it, — but he loved the little bird no less. It came back again, and with it all its companions; and once more they sang about the cottage, and made the boy's heart light, so that he whistled at his work. He scattered seeds before the little brown bird, the seeds it was so fond of, but it was because he loved it, and wished to make it happy. He sang to it when he was in the fields: and when he went into the wood, it was the little bird that sat in the apple-tree.

His mind and heart grew, but he was young. Multitudes of birds flocked about the cottage; and if he was lonely, it was not for want of their company. They gathered about him; and even the little brown bird got over its fear of him, and little by little would come near, would sing to him; and finally, lit upon his head for a moment as he worked. He worked on happily, he lived, he sang: The little bird perched upon his shoulder; so had others, but this one never before; he laughed, but did not put up his hand to touch it; he did not turn his head. It flew in and out of his house, and watched him. He nodded back, and was happy because the bird was by him. Was it not enough?

Yet though he had this bright and happy company of the birds, there were days when he was deaf, and did not hear them; and blind, and did not see them. Instead, he heard the cattle lowing, — Come and feed us: you shall have yellow butter; and the sheep bleating, — Shear us, good master: you shall have silken wool; and in the

pastures he saw golden berries upon the bushes. Could he have seen and heard himself, he would have perceived an old and bent man, muttering, muttering. But the birds saw him and fled, nor did they dare come back till they saw once more the little boy, and then with tears and smiles he welcomed them. Often, indeed, they did not come until he sought them in the dark wood, calling loudest upon the little brown bird.

At length there came a day when he was in

trouble, and he could not hear any voice of any bird. They had flown away, and he thought to himself, — Ah! the little one has flown away too, — and it was hard to work. He did not hear cattle or sheep. He did not hear any song, and yet, — he turned his head, and the little brown bird came softly, and stole into his bosom. He laid his hand gently upon it, and ever after the little brown bird stayed with the little brown boy. Was it not better than the cage?

WHITE AND RED.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY tossed and tumbled through the night till one or two o'clock, when the motion suddenly lessened, and in a few moments they were going on quietly, though the wind still blew furiously. He was too sleepy even to wonder; but when morning came, looked out at once on awaking, to see what it could mean.

"We're in a river; we're not in a lake any longer," he called to mamma. "What is it?"

"The Welland River," she said, "where we have been stopping for the last two or three hours. We are going now into the Welland Canal, and we shall be a long time in getting through, though it is very short."

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Because there are so many locks; twenty-seven in all, in a distance of thirty-six miles, and some of them only a stone's throw apart."

Harry dressed quickly and went on deck, as the boat entered a lock, the great gates of which were just shutting behind it, while in front was a high wall of stone. Harry, who had never been in a lock before, looked in wonder, as the water pouring in, gradually lifted them, till another pair of gates in front swung open, and they passed out, to enter another set in a few moments. The boat seemed to fit tight in the lock they had just left, and he wondered at their getting through at all. The next was wider, but still it was very easy to see why the boat must be narrow.

"It feels like being in a well; and it's like going up-stairs too, isn't it?" Harry said to Captain Davis, who stood near.

"Yes," said the captain, "and a long flight too. When we get to Port Colburn where we go into Lake Erie, we shall be three hundred and forty-six feet higher than we were at Port Dalhousie,

when we left Lake Ontario. You can get out to-day and have a walk, if you like."

"Can we?" said mamma, who had just come out. "How?"

"This way," said the captain, stepping to the railing around the boat, which was now on a level with the wall of the lock, and off and on again in a moment. "You see it is very easy, and we go so slowly, you can keep ahead of us without trouble."

"See, what a big ship," said Harry, looking over the side of the boat, at a large brig they were passing. "There's ever so many ahead."

"Work then for us," said the Captain, "for two or three are aground, waiting for us to pull them off."

Tom and Clara came out as he walked away, and were as interested as Harry in watching the ships. Breakfast interrupted them for a little while; and then till dinner-time they stayed on deck, going only three or four miles. The two vessels aground were heavily laden, and the propeller pulled and backed, and whistled and cracked, and strained the great ropes, till Harry was sure they would crack. One brig got off, and then they went through another lock before reaching the next one, which was harder to manage than the first. Then, when this was done, they had to wait for a vessel to come through a lock and make room for them, watching as it entered, at first far above them; then settling down, down, till the great gates opened, and she slid through.

After dinner, mamma and he, with Tom and Clara, got out at one of the locks, and walked on for a mile or two, till Harry was tired, and went into a little store to rest. Here he bought some apples, and the clerk gave him two Canada pen-

nies for change, which he wrapped in a piece of paper, and decided to keep, as they were the first foreign money he had ever had. Here they waited two or three hours, watching some ships go through the lock, and wondering why their boat did not come. They walked back a little way, but Mrs. Prescott said it was better not to go farther; because if they should meet the boat between the locks, there would be no way of getting on. She was in sight as they turned, and the people came out of the store to see them get on, as she rose in the lock.

Harry began "Holiday House" in the afternoon, lending "Swiss Family Robinson" to Tom, who sat down in a corner with Clara, and read aloud. Harry listened after his eyes were tired, and wished they could go all the way as quietly.

"We shall get out to-night, after all," the Captain said, at the tea-table. "I did not think so, when I saw the line of boats this morning."

"How long are you, generally, in going through?" mamma asked.

"I have done it in nine hours; but that is uncommon. Anything from nine hours to a day and a half, and more."

Harry's eyes opened wide. "A day and a half," he said, "and only thirty-six miles!"

"You will see slower travelling than that before your journey ends," laughed the Captain, rising from the table. "What do you think of six miles a day?"

"Nothing could go as slow as that; not even a mud-turtle," said Harry, getting into a discussion with Tom at once, as to how far a turtle really could travel in a day, which, with some playing of dominoes, went on till bed-time.

In a pouring rain next day, they went through Lake Erie to Cleveland, reaching there in the afternoon, and staying till late night; and here Harry wrote and mailed a little letter home. Next day through St. Clair, a mere speck of a lake, to Huron, and here began a wind, which blew and blew, till Harry, sea-sick again, hardly cared what became of them. Great waves dashed over the boat, which rolled from side to side. People with pale faces crawled out now and then, holding tight to the railing. Things in the steerage seemed to be having their own way altogether, and loose pots and pans went bumpity-bump against the sides, one going overboard, and bobbing up and down in the waves some time before it sunk. Through the Straits of Mackinaw it was tolerably quiet. Harry went on deck, and looked through the Captain's glass at the trading post at Mackinaw; but as they entered

Lake Michigan it grew worse and worse, till at last, late in the afternoon, the Captain said it would be unsafe to go on through the night, and put in to shore.

Look on your maps at the northwestern shore of Michigan, and you will see a point called Sleeping Bear. Right under the nose of this bear they went into harbor; and here they lay two days, while the wind howled down the pipes, and tugged at the ropes which held them to the pier, and altogether went on in all sorts of improper ways. Half a mile back from shore were two or three log-houses; and nearer by, a store, owned by the company which ran this line of propellers. They called it Glen Harbor City, and of course every one on board visited it, for time hung heavy in the two days of waiting.

The pier was long, and almost dangerous for the children to cross, for the wind swept over it with such force, as almost to carry them away. Once on shore, they plunged into deep, white sand, which whirled into their eyes, and filled their shoes, and was in every way uncomfortable. Harry did not mind it, and he and the other children dug a great hole in the sand, and played they were in a fort. He found, too, one beautiful cornelian; and on seeing it, almost every one on board went out in search of more, and scattered along the shore for a mile or two. All the neighborhood came down to see the boats, for by this time two or three more had come in to escape the wind. The second day, while they were at dinner, a tall man in a red shirt, appeared in the door-way.

"There's goin' ter be a ball ter-night, an' any of you that's a mind ter, can come," he said, looking around, and then went away without waiting for an answer.

"Well, ladies," the Captain said, laughing, "I am at your service. How many shall I have the pleasure of escorting?"

"Mamma and me," said Harry, at which they all began to laugh, and the engineer asked whether he would go in pink silk or white, and would he allow him the pleasure of the first waltz. Mrs. Twitchell and one or two others said they would go; and so, when seven o'clock struck, quite a party went on shore. Clara said she had read stories about balls, and wasn't it splendid to think they were really going to one? Miss 'Melia had frizzed her hair on a pipe-handle, heated in a lamp, till Tom said she looked like a walking hornet's nest, and Clarence had smoothed his down with something which smelled very strong of winter-green.

The house at which the ball was to be was a log one, divided into two rooms. In one, eight or nine girls sat solemnly; and in another were the men, wood-choppers and teamsters, waiting for the music. The only fiddler in the country lived two miles back, and had not got there yet. The children sat down, feeling, in the dead silence, a good deal as if they were at a funeral. By and by a faint squeak was heard coming down the road. It grew louder and louder, and soon an immensely tall man came in, dressed in a blue shirt, with red braid zigzagging up the front.

"All you that ain't goin' to dance, set tight to the wall," he shouted, beginning "Money Musk."

The men poured in from the next room, seized partners, and began at once a cotillon. No walking through the figures, but a double shuffle whenever the least chance for one came in; and coming down on their heels at the end of each figure with a rattle and clatter, quite delightful to Harry. Captain Davis took a partner when a second dance began; a fat girl in green calico, trimmed with alternate rows of yellow and black braid, and evidently the belle, for two or three came up to engage her; and one young man stood and glowered at the Captain through the dance, and led her away as soon as it ended. The refreshments were root beer and gingerbread; one in tin cups, the other in chunks.

"We did use to git up a supper," said the woman to whom the house belonged. "But you see we don't have nothin' but what we raise, 'cept what the boats brings along in summer time; an' in the winter we git down to hog an' hominy mostly, unless a sled maybe goes back for a load o' store things, an' that ain't often. It's stylisher, they *do* say, to have cake, an' a drink o' somethin' tasty; an' it's handier, any way."

"Do you have, many balls in the winter?" asked Mrs. Prescott.

"Two a week, straight through," the woman said. "Them, an' a meetin' now an' then, is the only things there is to pass away the time when work's done. They have 'em here, mostly. Ourn's the biggest house round; and that short young man over there," pointing to the jealous young man, "he's got a house he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for; an' he rigs up a sled and goes after 'em. That's my Cornely he's standin' by. They'll be jined afore long. She got the pattern for that dress o' hern out o' a fashion-book. It's tasty, ain't it?"

"Quite gay," Mrs. Prescott said, wanting so to laugh that she was very uncomfortable, and won-

dered if the squaws had fashion-books, and wore trains. The mate came in just then, and whispered to the Captain, who came to them at once.

"The wind has changed," he said, "and is driving us on shore. We must start to-night," and he hurried them away. It was not easy getting on board, the boat rose and fell so, grinding against the heavy timbers of the pier, as if her sides would be crushed in. But they were safely on board at last, and Harry hurried to bed, knowing that more sea-sickness was coming. He was not mistaken; and that night, and next day, it was hard to say which felt the worse, he or mamma. All day long they labored through Lake Michigan. One paddle came off the screw; and as another had been lost in one of the locks, they went very slowly, not getting into Milwaukee till ten that evening.

It was the twelfth of November, and Dr. Prescott had been waiting there nearly a week, watching for the boat, which had left Ogdensburg the third, and should have been but five days in getting through. You will know how anxious he must have been at the delay, and how glad to hear, as he started down to the docks for the last time that night, that the *Akron* was in. Harry sat up as soon as the dreadful motion ceased, though he felt weak and dizzy; and mamma put on her things, just in time for papa, who hugged them both so hard, and so many times, that it was doubtful whether they would get off that night. There was a carriage waiting for them; and after they had said good-by to Captain Davis, they went to a hotel, and slept deliciously till morning.

After breakfast they went through some of the principal streets of the city, taking cars for Prairie Du Chien at eleven, and reaching there in the evening. The steamboat which they expected to find waiting, had been delayed, so there was another night at a hotel, and a walk about town next morning, while waiting for the boat. Harry did not like it a bit. Pigs ran everywhere through the streets, as they do in too many Western towns, and the prairie stretched away on all sides, dull, brown, and gray.

The Mississippi was another disappointment. A mud-colored stream, flowing swiftly between high bluffs, sandy, and crumbling away on either side. The boat came about ten, looking to Harry like a three-story house afloat. The lower deck was entirely open, and the freight piled here, the cabin being up-stairs. The smoke-stacks were taller than any he had ever seen before, and a constant shower of cinders fell from them. The

cabin ran the whole length of the boat; a bar was at one end, where were always people drinking, and the other intended for ladies, though neither doors nor curtains separated it from the main saloon, where the long table stood. Their state-room was at the ladies' end of the boat, opening by a second door, as did all of them, on a gallery running entirely around the boat, and roofed, to protect it from the cinders, which lay in little piles wherever they could find lodgment. On one of the velvet sofas near their door, sat an old woman with her husband, both smoking short black pipes. At dinner they sat opposite, and near them was a man with such tightly curling hair and dark skin, that Harry could hardly believe him white.

There was nothing *really* good to eat on the table, but everything was showy. Little glass dishes, with dabs of jelly; great glass dishes, with pink and blue frosted cakes, and pies and tarts between.

"If this ain't a lay-out!" said the curly-headed man. "It's sech a lay-out as I hain't seen, no, not for eighteen year."

"Where have you been?" asked Dr. Prescott, at whom he looked, with two or three little nods, as if expecting an answer.

"Where I hain't been would be easier to tell," he answered. "I've been where there ain't many that has: down in Arizona, and pretty much anywhere you like in South America. Then I got tired rovin' round, and settled down to my trade a spell, blacksmithin', in Nicaragua. I'm goin' to a queerer place yet, now. Likely you don't know nothin' about it? Red Lake."

"I left there a month or so ago, and am on my way back now."

"You!" said the curly-headed man. "I'm beat! Them your folks alongside o' you? You ain't goin' to take *them* through?"

"Yes," said Dr. Prescott. "Are you going through directly?"

"No, I ain't," said the man. "I'm goin' through some time the last o' December. Goin' to trade up there a while. Reckon you're working for Government—Doctor, maybe?"

"Yes," said Dr. Prescott, half smiling; "so we shall see each other again."

"You was off on a hunt with the red skins," said the man, "when I was up last summer. I'm Bob Aikens, and you're Dr. Prescott, I take it. You don't have a lay-out like this up to Red Lake every day, I tell you now."

Mr. Aikens stopped talking here, and paid strict attention to every article of the "lay-out;"

so strict, that he was not half through the bill of fare when Harry had finished his dinner. He joined them on deck after a little while, and talked most to Harry, looking at Mrs. Prescott now and then, and saying,—"Well, I'm beat! To think you're going through!"

In the two days' journey they became well acquainted. He was as thoroughly uneducated as a man could well be; and yet, having watched closely everything he had seen in his wanderings through strange countries, was more entertaining than any one else on board. A crowd gathered about him, as he sat talking of adventures here and there, and everywhere, and all were sorry to say good-by when he got off at Red Wing, shaking hands with the Prescotts as heartily as if he had known them for years. You will hear more of him as the story goes on.

The morning of the third day brought them to St. Paul, a city on a hill, or what seemed a hill, after the prairie all about, and the last point on the Mississippi to which boats run. Sometimes one goes up to the foot of St. Anthony's Falls, between Minneapolis and St. Anthony, but St. Paul is considered the head of navigation on the river. Here Harry saw a crowd of stern-wheelers, or "dew boats," as they are called, which are of such light draught, that 'tis said they will run in three inches of water, and which have only one small wheel at the stern. Just below the city they passed the longest raft they had seen, though several had been met on their way down, some large and some small.

This one was entirely of boards, and laden with thousands of shingles in neat bundles. In the middle was a sort of house, made of some of these boards; a woman sat in the door, knitting, and two children were by her. Three men were at each end, all working at long oars, which seemed to be pieces of timber. They were trying to get the raft a little nearer shore, and Harry saw the reason in a moment; for, though their boat was far enough away, the swell she made quite covered one end of the raft, which swayed as if it would come to pieces; one end went down so far, that the man on it had to jump; but the woman sat quite still, watching her biscuit, which were browning in a tin baker before the fire.

Harry had thought, on first seeing these rafts, that the fire was built right on the boards; but he soon found out that there was a large box on each, filled with sand, on which the fire was made. There were posts set up on each side, and a cross-piece, with two or three hooks dan-

gling from it, on which they hung the kettles for cooking. They had blankets and buffalo skins in the house; and on one side was a boat, so that they could go ashore if they got out of provisions, for sometimes they are weeks in getting down the river.

Harry waved his handkerchief to the children, who did nothing but stare at him; and then he went to the other side, to have one more look at the curious flat-boats which they had taken in tow at Hastings, and which were exactly like great Noah's Arks, and used for carrying grain. If I were not in such a hurry to be at Red Lake, I should tell you more of the strange sights on and along the river, but there is no more time for that.

They left St. Paul at noon for Minneapolis, stopping just beyond grim Fort Snelling, at a station, which was — what do you think? The Falls of Minnehaha! Harry had read the "Song of Hiawatha." Indeed, in many of the long days spent in a darkened room, mamma had cheered him, by telling, among many other stories, the wonderful adventures, which she knew by heart, of Hiawatha and his friends; and best among them, Harry liked his wooing of Minnehaha. The Falls were as beautiful as our dear poet's words which describe them, and which you can all read for yourselves. They spent the time till the train came at four, going on all sides, to get every possible view of them; at the very last, walking over the narrow, slippery path in the rocks, right behind the sheet of water, where there is a cave a little like the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, and where the roar almost deafened Harry.

At Minneapolis, where they waited two or three days, expecting to see the Indian Agent, were the Falls of St. Anthony, roaring and tumbling over the rocks. Here are the largest saw-mills on the Mississippi, and indeed this wonderful water-power is used for every sort of mill, and Harry was never tired of going from one to another, watching the making of tubs and pails, sashes and blinds and doors, woollen goods, and paper. The great buildings seemed, many of them, right on the smaller Falls. One in particular had a little gallery running around it, and, leaning over, he watched the water, green here, brown there, churned into foam among the rocks, plunging at last to more rocks below, which tossed it back in clouds of spray. Sometimes a stray log escaped from some "boom," whirled along, standing almost upright as it neared the main Fall, and then leaping down to the foam.

He liked, too, to cross the suspension-bridge between Minneapolis and St. Anthony, and feel it spring under his feet as he walked; but, though there was so much to do, he was not sorry to hear one day that the Indian Agent had come, and that, in the afternoon, they could leave for St. Cloud, the last point northwest of St. Paul to which railroads are yet built.

They reached St. Cloud in the evening, Harry too tired to care for anything but bed, or even to look out when the hotel omnibus crossed the Mississippi on a ferry-boat which slid over on a wire. The stage for Crow Wing left at six the next morning, and Harry was just enough awake to see that two boys were sitting on the back seat, by a woman who held a baby. The sun came up as they stopped at Sauk Rapids to take in a passenger, and Harry, looking out, saw that they were on an unbroken prairie stretching miles and miles away.

It was a weary day's ride. The roads were frozen just enough to be bumpy, the baby cried, and when it did not cry the mother talked to anybody who listened, about the fine house she had left "down the river," how well she could dress if she chose, and the excellent table she always set. Harry listened with wide-open eyes as she went on.

"Why, there wasn't a day we didn't have fresh and salt, and we could a-had pound-cake every meal if we'd been a mind to."

"Then, if you *could* a-had pound-cake whenever you was a mind, it's a mean shame you never did," said the oldest boy, at which the mother, turning very red, boxed his ears, and told him he didn't know what he was talking about.

They stopped for dinner at a little place called Swan River, where the woman left them, and went on again through the afternoon, crossing the Mississippi as twilight came on, to Fort Ripley, which, four years before, had been besieged by Indians for over a week, crowded all the time with women and children who had gone in there for protection when the raid began. Harry looked at the high stockade of logs inclosing the buildings, and at some soldiers pacing up and down, but was too tired to think much of anything. Papa was holding him, and, lying in these strong arms, he shut his eyes and was so sound asleep that he knew nothing more till the stage stopped, an hour later.

"What place is this?" he said, sitting up suddenly, and rubbing his eyes.

"Crow Wing," papa answered. "We are

going on in a few minutes. Only four miles now to the Agency."

The stage started again while he spoke, and Harry looked out at the lights in the little village, dimly seen through a drizzly rain, and then down to a river, which, in a few moments, they crossed by ferry-boat. Then came more bumping over the frozen road; another river, this time crossed by a log bridge, another mile of prairie, then lights and voices. The stage stopped; papa jumped out, mamma and Harry found themselves on the ground, and a kind, slow voice said, "You are welcome to Chippewa Agency."

"Don't keep them out there one minute, Alvin," said a brisk voice, belonging to a very tall, very energetic lady, who led them at once into a large room, where a bright fire burned, and a table covered with books and work, and the bright lamp lighting up some pictures on the walls, made it look more home-like than any place they had seen since the real home had been left behind.

"Starved you are, and pretty nearly frozen, too, I do believe. Sit and get warm, and we'll have supper in a minute," said the lady, bustling out.

"Who is she?" Harry whispered, looking at a boy who stood behind the stove looking at him.

"Mrs. Brenton," said mamma. "This is Dr. Brenton's house, where we shall stay till we start for Leech Lake."

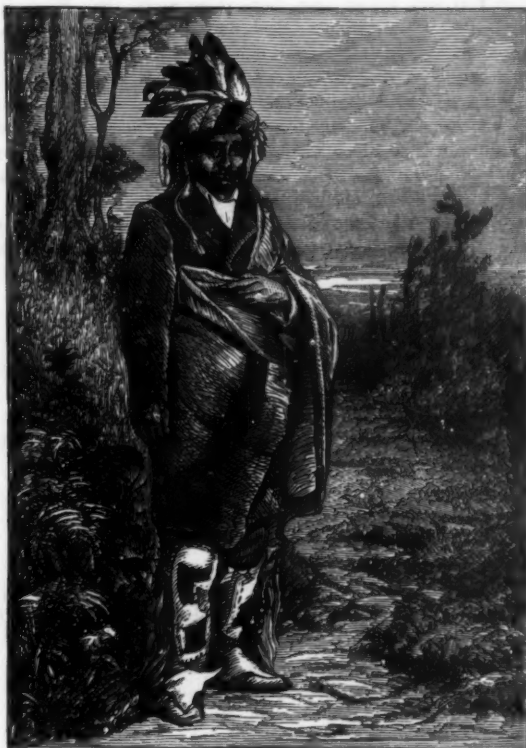
The two doctors came in just then, and Mrs. Brenton called them all to supper. Mamma's fingers were so cold she could but just untie her bonnet-strings; papa helped her, and pulled off some of Harry's wraps, and they went out to a long room, and a long table, with everything to be thought of on it. Harry had said he was too tired to be hungry; but home-made bread and sweet butter, the first they had seen since coming West, developed an appetite, which Mrs. Brenton seemed to think was not half what it should be.

"You'll learn to eat before you've been in Minnesota long," she said. "That's about all you can do when you get up yonder. I can't believe my ears that you're really going through, Mrs. Prescott. You don't know any more about it than a baby."

"She soon will," said Dr. Brenton, in his slow, pleasant way. "She is a brave woman, of whom we shall all be proud."

"Day after to-morrow we are to go," Dr. Prescott said. "The Major and clerk are going up in an empty team, and so we shall get through with only one night's camping."

Harry's eyes sparkled, and the boy on the other side of the table laughed. He laughed again when they had gone back to the sitting-room.



"I guess you'll get enough of it," he said. "Why, you have to sleep on sticks."

"But we've got blankets, plenty of 'em," said Harry, "and a buffalo skin."

"Well, you see if you don't have to sleep on sticks. Can you talk Chippewa?"

"I know two words," said Harry, "that papa told me. *He* can talk it."

"Hoh!" said the boy. "I don't believe you can shoot with a bow and arrow, or walk on

snow-shoes, either. Do you know how to trap? I don't believe you do."

"Come, Frank," said Dr. Brenton, "ask your questions to-morrow, when I rather think you will find Harry knows some things that you, in this Indian country, have never learned."

Harry walked away to bed, thinking that when morning came he would soon find a way to surprise Frank, but went to sleep before he had planned what it should be. When he woke the sun was shining brightly in; and, as he jumped out of bed, mamma came in.

"You and Frank have both done well," she said. "'Tis almost nine o'clock, and you are just awake." Harry dressed in a hurry, and, when his late breakfast was over, went out with Frank, leaving mamma writing letters.

The Agency buildings formed a hollow square, in the centre of which was a tall flag-staff. At one side were two long, low log-houses, and about them a stockade like that at the Fort.

"There's where they keep the Indian goods," said Frank, seeing Harry looking at them.

"They used to be barred, and the gates shut and everything, when the Sioux was here. There was a stockade round all the buildings, but it's cut down since the Sioux are driven away. They were the fighting Indians. Chippewas don't fight the whites: they fight Sioux, though. Here comes 'Hole in the Day.'"

"Who?" said Harry, turning, and almost wanting to run, as a tall Indian, wrapped in a scarlet blanket, went by toward the office. Mamma, who had seen him pass, came out on the porch for her first look at the chief of all the Mississippi Indians. Dr. Prescott took them over to the office after a time, and introduced them to his majesty, who shook hands and said, "Bo jau," which means, "How do you do?"

He stayed but a few minutes, having come up to see the Agent, who was not there, but who came at evening. Harry wrote a letter home, and went to bed to dream all night that he was walking on Boston Common, followed by a procession of little Indians, every one with snow-shoes and a bow and arrow.

WHAT GOOD CATS DO.

OLD CAT.

WHAT a cat I am! I have children nine;
Yes, all these little darlings are mine!
I purr all day long, and I purr all night;
What cat wouldn't, that saw such a sight?
To neglect such kittens would be a sin,
I must now their education begin.
Frisky, my dear, you're my first-born child;
Don't play with your whiskers, don't be so wild;
Sit still, and tell me what good cats do.

FRISKY.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

Was there ever such a kitten as that?
I'm afraid she'll never grow into a cat.
White-nose, my son, just put down your paws,
Stop biting and scratching, and draw in your
claws;
Now tell me, sir, what do good cats do?

WHITE-NOSE.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

Alas! alas! O, what have I done,

To have such a thoughtless, frolicking son?
Soft-paws, darling, I'm sure that you
Can tell your mother what good cats do?

SOFT-PAWS.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

You stupid child, you! Now, Topsey, my dear,
Speak up aloud, so they all can hear,
And tell us quickly what good cats do.

TOPSEY.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

O, was there ever so stupid a set?
I'm sure they know, but they always forget;
Spotty, stop that ridiculous frisking!
You're always jumping, and boxing, and whisk-
ing;
You can tell me what good cats do?

SPOTTY.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

Why, this is dreadful! Now, Gray-eyes, my child,

* Since this was written, Hole in the Day, whose picture is on the preceding page, has been killed.

Answer aright, or you'll drive me wild.
Don't run about so after your brothers,
Nor give such silly replies as the others;
Tell me, now, what do the good cats do?

GRAY-EYES.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

Was ever a mortal cat so tried?
If I had a veil, I my face would hide.
Black-ears, dearie, you're mother's own kit,
You have inherited some of my wit;
Come! you can tell what the good cats do!

BLACK-EARS.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

It's really amazing! Kitty, my dear,
Fold your white paws down, and prick up your
ear;
For pity's sake tell me what good cats do?

KITTY.

They mew!

OLD CAT.

I have one hope left! Roly-poly, it's you!
Tell me, my pet, what the good cats do?

ROLY-POLY (*demurely*).

They sit on their tails with decorous faces;
They whisk not,
They frisk not;
They make no grimaces;
They train up their kittens the way they should
go.
They meditate much on the doings of rats,
And kill them all off, if they're *very* good cats.
Dear mother, was this what you wanted to
know?

OLD CAT.

O yes, my darling! I thought that you
Could tell your mother what good cats do.
Come to my arms! You're my joy, my delight!
As to the rest of you, out of my sight!

[*Kittens go off, weeping.*]

TING-A-LING AND THE FIVE MAGICIANS.

BY F. R. S.

SOME of our readers may remember little Ting-a-ling, of whose adventures we told year before last; but for the benefit of those who do not, we will say that he was a fairy youth, about an inch and a half high, who lived in a fairy colony in the palace gardens of a fine old king; that his little lady-love, Ling-a-ting, was unfortunately drowned in a tear, and that he had a great many adventures while succoring a certain prince and princess, assisted by his friend, the good giant Turilira.

Ting-a-ling, for some time after the death of his young companion, Ling-a-ting, seemed quite sad and dejected. He spent nearly all his time lying in a half-opened rose-bud, and thinking of the dear little creature who was gone. But one morning, the bud having become a full-blown rose, its petals fell apart, and dropped little Ting-a-ling out on the grass. The sudden fall did not hurt him, but it roused him to exertion, and he said, "O ho! This will never do. I will go up to the palace, and see if there is anything going on." So off he went to the great palace; and sure enough something was going on. He

had scarcely reached the court-yard, when the bells began to ring, the horns to blow, the drums to beat, and crowds of people to shout and run in every direction, and there was never such a noise and hubbub before.

Ting-a-ling slipped along close to the wall, so that he would not be stepped on by anybody; and having reached the palace, he climbed up a long trailing vine, into one of the lower windows. There he saw the great audience-chamber filled with people, shouting, and calling, and talking, all at once. The grand vizier was on the great platform of the throne, making a speech, but the uproar was so great that not one word of it could Ting-a-ling hear. The king himself was on his throne, putting on the great boots, which he only wore when he went to battle, and which made him look so terrible that a person could hardly see him without trembling. The last time that he had worn those boots, as Ting-a-ling very well knew, he had made war on a neighboring country, and had defeated all the armies, killed all the people, torn down all the towns and cities, and every house and cottage, and ploughed up the whole country,

and sowed it with thistles, so that it could never be used as a country any more. So Ting-a-ling thought that as the king was putting on his war



boots, something very great was surely about to happen. Hearing a fizzing noise behind him, he turned around, and there was the prince in the court-yard, grinding his sword on a grindstone, which was turned by two slaves, who were working away so hard and fast, that they were nearly ready to drop. Then he *knew* that wonderful things were surely coming to pass, for the prince never lifted his finger to do anything for himself, in ordinary times.

Directly, a little page, who had been sent for the king's spurs, and couldn't find them, and who was therefore afraid to go back, stopped to rest himself for a minute against the window where Ting-a-ling was standing. As his head just reached a little above the window-seat, Ting-a-ling went close to his ear and shouted to him, please to tell him what was the matter. The page started at first, but seeing it was only a little fairy, he told him that the princess was lost, and that the whole army was going out to find her. Before he could say anything more, the king was heard to roar for his spurs, and away ran the little page, whether to look again for the spurs, or to hide himself, is not known at the present day. Ting-a-ling now became very much excited. The Princess Aufalia, who had been married to the prince but a month ago, was very dear to him, and he felt that he must do something for her. But while he was thinking what this something could possibly be, he heard the clear and distinct sound of a tiny bell, which, however, no one but a fairy could possibly have

heard above all that noise. He knew it was the bell of the fairy queen, summoning her subjects to her presence; and so in a moment he slid down the vine, and scampered away to the gardens. There, although the sun was shining brightly, and the fairies seldom assembled but by night, there were great crowds of them, all listening to the queen, and keeping much better order than the people in the king's palace. The queen addressed them in soul-stirring strains, and urged every one to do their best to find the missing princess. In the night she had been taken away, while the prince and everybody were asleep. "And now," said the queen, untying her scarf, and holding it up, "away with you, every one! Search every house, garden, mountain, and plain, in the land, and the first one who comes to me with news of the Princess Aufalia, shall wear my scarf!" Now, as this was a mark of high distinction, and conveyed privileges of which there is no time now to tell, the fairies gave a great cheer (which would have sounded to you, had you heard it, like a puff of wind through a thicket of reeds), and they all rushed away in every direction. Now, though the fairies of this tribe could go almost anywhere, through small cracks and key-holes, under doors, and into places where no one else could possibly penetrate, they did not fly, or float in the air, or anything of that sort. When they wished to travel fast or far, they would mount on butterflies, and all sorts of insects; but they seldom needed such assistance, as they were not in the habit of going far from their homes, in the palace gardens. Ting-a-ling ran, as fast as he could, to where a friend of his, whom we have mentioned before, kept grasshoppers and butterflies to hire; but he found he was too late, — every one of them was taken by the fairies who had got there before him. "Never mind," said Ting-a-ling to himself, "I'll catch a wild one;" and borrowing a bridle, he went out into the meadows, to catch a grasshopper for himself. He soon perceived one, quietly feeding under a clover-blossom. Ting-a-ling slipped up softly behind him; but the grasshopper heard him, and rolled his big eyes backward, drawing in his hind-legs in the way which all boys know so well. "What's the good of his seeing all around him?" thought Ting-a-ling; but there is no doubt that the grasshopper thought there was a great deal of good in it, for, just as Ting-a-ling made a rush at him, he let fly with one of his hind-legs, and kicked our little friend so high into the air, that he thought he was never coming down again. He landed,

however, harmlessly on the grass on the other side of a fence. Nothing discouraged, he jumped up, with his bridle still in his hand, and looked around for the grasshopper. There he was, with his eyes still rolled back, and his leg ready for another kick, should Ting-a-ling approach him again. But the little fellow had had enough of those strong legs, and so he slipped along the fence, and getting through it, stole around in front of the grasshopper; and, while he was still looking backward with all his eyes, Ting-a-ling stepped quietly up in front of him, and slipped the bridle over his head! It was of no use for the grasshopper to struggle and pull back, for Ting-a-ling was astraddle of him in a moment, kicking him with his heels, and shouting "Hi! Hi!"

Away sprang the grasshopper like a bird, and he sped on and on, faster than he had ever gone before in his life, and Ting-a-ling waved his little sword over his head, and shouted "Hi! Hi!"

So on they went for a long time; and in the afternoon the grasshopper began to get very tired, and did not make anything like such long jumps as he had done at first. They were going down a grassy hill, and had just reached the bottom, when Ting-a-ling heard some one calling him. Looking around him in astonishment, he saw that it was a little fairy of his acquaintance, younger than himself, named Parsley, who was sitting in the shade of a wide-spreading dandelion.

"Hello, Parsley!" cried Ting-a-ling, reining up. "What are you doing there?"

"Why, you see, Ting-a-ling," said the other, "I came out to look for the princess"—

"You!" cried Ting-a-ling; "a little fellow like you!"

"Yes, *me!*" said Parsley; "and Sourgrass and me rode the same butterfly; but by the time we had come this far, we got too heavy, and Sourgrass made me get off."

"And what are you going to do now?" said Ting-a-ling.

"O, I'm all right!" replied Parsley. "I shall have a butterfly of my own soon."

"How's that?" asked Ting-a-ling, quite curious to know.

"Come here!" said Parsley; and so Ting-a-ling got off his grasshopper, and led it up close to his friend. "See what I've found!" said Parsley, showing a cocoon that lay beside him. "I'm going to wait till this butterfly's hatched, and I shall have him the minute he comes out."

The idea of waiting for the butterfly to be hatched, seemed so funny to Ting-a-ling, that he

burst out laughing, and Parsley laughed too, and so did the grasshopper, for he took this opportunity to slip his head out of the bridle, and away he went!

Ting-a-ling turned and gazed in amazement at the grasshopper skipping up the hill; and Parsley, when he had done laughing, advised him to hunt around for another cocoon, and follow his example.

Ting-a-ling did not reply to this advice, but throwing his bridle to Parsley, said, "There, you would better take that. You may want it when your butterfly's hatched. I shall push on."

"What! walk?" cried Parsley.

"Yes, walk," said Ting-a-ling. "Good-by."

So Ting-a-ling travelled on by himself for the rest of the day, and it was nearly evening when he came to a wide brook with beautiful green banks, and overhanging trees. Here he sat down to rest himself; and while he was wondering whether it would be better for him to try to get across, he amused himself by watching the sports and antics of various insects and fishes that were enjoying themselves that fine summer evening. Plenty of butterflies and dragon-flies were there, but Ting-a-ling knew that he could never catch one of them, for they were nearly all the time over the surface of the water; and many a big fish was watching them from below, hoping that in their giddy flights, some of them would come near enough to be snapped down for supper. There were spiders, who shot over the surface of the brook as if they had been skating; and all sorts of beautiful bugs and flies were there, green, yellow, emerald, gold, and black. At a short distance Ting-a-ling saw a crowd of little minnows, who had caught a young tadpole, and having tied a bluebell to his tail, were now chasing the affrighted creature about. But after a while the tadpole's mother came out, and then the minnows caught it!

While watching all these lively creatures, Ting-a-ling fell asleep, and when he awoke, it was dark night. He jumped up, and looked about him. The butterflies and dragon-flies had all gone to bed, and now the great night bugs and buzzing beetles were out; the katydids were chirping in the trees, and the frogs were croaking among the long reeds. Not far off, on the same side of the brook, Ting-a-ling saw the light of a fire, and so he walked over to see what it meant. On his way, he came across some wild honey-suckle, and pulling one of the blossoms, he sucked out the sweet juice for his supper, as he walked along. When he reached the fire, he

saw sitting around it five men, with turbans and great black beards. Ting-a-ling instantly perceived that they were magicians, and putting the



honeysuckle to his lips, he blew a little tune upon it, which the magicians hearing, they said to one another, "There is a fairy near us." Then Ting-a-ling came into the midst of them, and climbing up on a pile of cloaks and shawls, conversed with them. They, being magicians, could hear him very well; and he soon found that they knew, by means of their magical arts, that the princess had been stolen the night before by the slaves of a wicked dwarf, and that she was now locked up in his castle, which was on top of a high mountain, not far from where they then were.

"I shall go there right off," said Ting-a-ling.

"And what will you do when you get there?" said the youngest magician, whose name was Zamcar. "This dwarf is a terrible little fellow, and the same one who twisted poor Nerralina's head, which circumstance of course you remember. He has plenty of fierce slaves, and a great castle. You are a good little fellow, but I don't think you could do much for the princess, if you did go to her."

Ting-a-ling reflected a moment, and then said that he would go to his friend the giant Turilira; but Zamcar told him that that tremendous individual had gone to the uttermost limits of China, to launch a ship. It was such a big one, and so heavy, that it had sunk down into the earth as tight as if it had grown there, and all the men and horses in the country could not move it. So there was nothing to do but to send for Turilira. When Ting-a-ling heard this, he was disheartened, and hung his little head. "The

best thing to do," remarked Alcahazar, the oldest of the magicians, "would be to inform the king and his army of the place where the princess is confined, and let them go and take her out."

"O no!" cried Ting-a-ling, who, if his body was no larger than a very small pea-pod, had a soul as big as a water-melon. "If the king knows it, up he will come with all his drums and horns, and the dwarf will hear him a mile off, and either kill the princess, or hide her away. If we were all to go to the castle, I should think we could do something ourselves." This was the longest speech that Ting-a-ling had ever made; and when he was through, the youngest magician said to the others that he thought it was growing cooler, and the others agreed that it was. After some conversation among themselves in an exceedingly foreign tongue, these kind magicians agreed to go up to the castle, and see what they could do. So Zamcar put Ting-a-ling in the folds of his turban, and the whole party started off for the dwarf's castle. They looked like a company of travelling merchants, each one having a package on his back, and a great staff in his hand. When they reached the outer gate of the castle, Alcahazar, the oldest, knocked at it with his stick, and it was opened directly by a shiny black slave, who, coming out, shut it behind him, and inquired what the travellers wanted.

"Is your master within?" asked Alcahazar.

"I don't know," said the slave.

"Can't you find out?" asked the magician.

"Well, good merchant, perhaps I might; but I don't particularly want to know," said the slave, as he leaned back against the gate, leisurely striking with his long sword at the night bugs and beetles that were buzzing about.

"My friend," said Alcahazar, "don't you think that is rather a careless way of using a sword? You might cut somebody."

"That's true," said the slave. "I didn't think of it before;" but he kept on striking away, all the same.

"Then stop it!" said Alcahazar, the oldest magician, striking the sword from his hand with one blow of his staff. Upon this, up stepped Ormanduz, the next oldest, and whacked the slave over his head; and then Mahallah, the next oldest, struck him over the shoulders; and Akbeck, the next oldest, cracked him on the shins; and Zamcar, the youngest, punched him in the stomach; and the slave sat down, and begged the noble merchants please to stop. So they stopped, and he humbly informed them that his master was in.

"We would see him," said Alcahazar.

"But, sirs," said the slave, "he is having a grand feast."

"Well," said the magician, "we're invited."

"O noble merchants!" cried the slave, "why did you not tell me that before?" and he opened wide the gate and let them in. After they had passed the outer gate, which was of wood, they went through another of iron, and another of brass, and another of copper, and then walked through the court-yard, filled with armed slaves, and up the great castle steps; at the top of which stood the butler, dressed in gorgeous array.

"Whom have you here, base slave?" cried the gorgeous butler.

"Five noble merchants, invited to my lord's feast," said the slave, bowing to the ground.

"But they cannot enter the banquetting hall in such a garb," said the butler. "They cannot be noble merchants, if they come not nobly dressed to my lord's feast."

"O sir!" said Alcahazar, "may your delicate and far-reaching understanding be written in books, and taught to youth in foreign lands, and may your profound judgment ever overawe your country! But allow us now to tell you that we have gorgeous dresses in these our packs. Would we soil them with the dust of travel, ere we entered the halls of my lord the dwarf?"

The butler bowed low at this address, and caused the five magicians to be conducted to five magnificent chambers, where were slaves, and lights, and baths, and soap, and towels, and wash-rags, and tooth-brushes; and each magician took a gorgeous dress from his pack, and put it on, and then they were all conducted (with Ting-a-ling still in Zamcar's turban) to the grand hall, where the feast was being held. Here they found the dwarf and his guests, numbering a hundred, having a truly jolly time. The dwarf, who was dressed in white, to make him look larger, was seated on a high red velvet cushion at the end of the hall, and the company sat cross-legged on rugs, in a great circle before him. He was drinking out of a great bottle nearly as big as himself, and eating little birds; and judging by the bones that were left, he must have eaten nearly a whole flock of them. When he saw the five magicians entering, he stopped eating, and opened his eyes in amazement, and then shouted to his servants to tell him who these people were, who came without permission to his feast; but as no one knew, nobody answered. The guests, seeing the stately demeanor

and magnificent dresses of the visitors, thought that they were at least five great monarchs.

"My lord the dwarf," said Alcahazar, advancing towards him, "I am the king of a far country; and passing your castle, and hearing of your feast, I have made bold to come and offer you some of the sweet-tasting birds of my country." So saying, he lifted up his richly embroidered cloak, and took from under it a great silver dish containing about two hundred dozen hot, smoking, delicately cooked, fat little birds. Under the dish were fastened lamps of perfumed oil, all lighted, and keeping the savory food nice and hot. Making a low bow, the magician placed the dish before the dwarf, who tasted one of the birds, and immediately clapped his hands with joy. "Great king!" he cried, "welcome to my feast! Slaves, quick! make room for the great king!" As there was no vacant place, the slaves took hold of one of the guests, and gave him what the boys would call a "hist," right through the window, and Alcahazar took his place. Then stepped forward Ormanduz, and said, "My lord the dwarf, I am also the king of a far country, and I have made bold to offer you some of the wine of my country." So saying, he lifted his gold-lined cloak, and took from beneath it a crystal decanter, covered with gold and ruby ornaments, and with one hundred and one beautifully carved silver goblets hanging from its neck, which contained about eleven gallons of the most delicious wine. He placed it before the dwarf, who, having tasted the wine, gave a great cheer, and shouted to his slaves to make room for this mighty king. So the slaves took another guest by the neck and heels, and sent him, slam-bang, through the window, and Ormanduz took his place. Then stepped forward Mahallah, and said, "My lord the dwarf, I am also the king of a far country, and I bring you a sample of the venison of my country." So saying, he raised his velvet cloak, trimmed with diamonds, and took from under it a whole deer, already cooked, and stuffed with oysters, anchovies, buttered toast, olives, tamarind seeds, sweet-marjoram, sage, and many other herbs and spices, and all piping hot, and smelling deliciously. This he put down before the dwarf, who, when he had tasted it, waved his goblet over his head, and cried out to the slaves to make room for this mighty king. So the slaves seized another guest, and out of the window, like a shot, he went, and Mahallah took his place. Then Akbeck stepped up, and said, "My lord the dwarf, I am also the king of a far country, and I bring you some of the confections

of my dominions." So saying, he took from under his cloak of gold cloth, a great basket of silver filagree work, in which were cream-chocolates, and burnt almonds, and sponge-cake, and lady's fingers, and mixtures, and ginger-nuts, and hoarhound candy, and gum-drops, and fruit-cake, and cream candy, and mintstick, and pound-cake, and rock candy, and butter taffy, and many other confections, amounting in all to about two hundred and twenty pounds. He placed the basket before the dwarf, who tasted some of these good things, and found them so delicious, that he lay on his back and kicked up his heels in delight, shouting to his slaves to make room for this great king. As the next guest was a big, fat man, too heavy to throw far, he was seized by four slaves, who walked him Spanish right out of the door, and Akbeck took his place. Then Zamcar



stepped forward and said, "My lord the dwarf, I also am king of a far country, and I bring you some of the fruit of my dominions." And so saying, he took from beneath his gold and purple cloak, a great basket filled with currants as big as grapes, and grapes as big as plums, and plums as big as peaches, and peaches as big as cantaloupes, and cantaloupes as big as water-melons, and water-melons as big as barrels. There were about nineteen bushels of them altogether, and he put them before the dwarf, who, having tasted some of them, clapped his hands, and shouted to his slaves to make room for this mighty king; but as the next guest had very sensibly got up and gone out, Zamcar took his seat without any delay. Then Ting-a-ling, who was very much excited by all these wonderful performances, slipped down out of Zamcar's turban, and running up

towards the dwarf, cried out, "My lord the dwarf, I am also the king of a far country, and I bring you"—and he lifted up his little cloak; but as there was nothing there, he said no more, but clambered up into Zamcar's turban again. As nobody noticed or heard him, so great was the bustle and noise of the festivity, his speech made no difference one way or the other. After everybody had eaten and drunk until they could eat and drink no more, the dwarf jumped up, and called to the chief butler, to know how many beds were prepared for the guests; to which the butler answered that there were thirty beds prepared. "Then," said the dwarf, "give these five noble kings each one of the best rooms, with a down bed, and a silken comfortable; and give the other beds to the twenty-five biggest guests. As to the rest, turn them out!" So the dwarf went to bed, and each of the magicians had a splendid room, and twenty-five of the biggest guests had beds, and the rest were all turned out. As it was pouring down rain, and freezing, and cold, and wet, and slippery (for the weather was very unsettled on this mountain), and all these guests, who now found themselves outside of the castle gates, lived many miles away, and as none of them had any hats, or knew the way home, they were very miserable indeed.

Alcahazar did not go to bed, but sat in his room and reflected. He saw that the dwarf had given this feast on account of his joy at having captured the princess, and thus caused grief to the king and prince, and all the people; but it was also evident that he was very sly, and had not mentioned the matter to any of the company. The other magicians did not go to bed either, but sat in their rooms, and thought the same thing; and Ting-a-ling, in Zamcar's turban, was of exactly the same opinion. So, in about an hour, when all was still, the magicians got up, and went softly over the castle. One went down into the lower rooms, and there were all the slaves, fast asleep; and another into one wing of the castle, and there were half the guests, fast asleep; and another into the other wing, and there were the rest of the guests, fast asleep; and Alcahazar went into the dwarf's room, in the centre of the castle, and there was he, fast asleep, with one of his fists shut tight. The magician touched his fist with his magic staff, and it immediately opened, and there was a key! So Alcahazar took the key, and shut up the dwarf's hand again. Zamcar went up to the floor, near the top of the house, and entered a large room, which

was empty, and the walls were hung with curtains made of snakes' skins, beautifully woven together. Ting-a-ling slipped down to the floor, and peeping behind these curtains, saw the hinge of a door; and without saying a word, he got behind the curtain; and, sure enough, there was a door! and there was a key-hole! and in a minute, there was Ting-a-ling right through it! and there was the princess in a chair in the middle of a great room, crying as if her heart would break! By the light of the moon, which had now broken through the clouds, Ting-a-ling saw that she was tied fast to the chair. So he climbed up on her shoulder, and called her by name; and when the princess heard him and knew him, she took him into her lovely hands, and kissed him, and cried over him, and laughed over him so much, that her joy had like to have been the death of him. When she got over her excitement, she told him how she had been stolen away; how she had heard her favorite cat squeak in the middle of the night, and how she had got up quickly to go to it, supposing it had got squeezed in some door, and how the wicked dwarf, who had been imitating the cat, was just outside of the door with his slaves; and how they had seized her, and bound her, and carried her off to this castle, without waking up any of the king's household. Then Ting-a-ling told her that his five friends were there, and that they were going to see what they could do; and the princess was very glad to hear that, you may be sure. Then Ting-a-ling slipped down to the floor, and through the key-hole; and as he entered the room where he had left Zamear, in came Alcahazar with the key, and the other magicians with news that everybody was asleep. When Ting-a-ling had told about the princess, Alcahazar pushed aside the curtains, unlocked the door with the key, and they all entered the next room.

There, sure enough, was the Princess Aufalia; but, right in front of her, on the floor, squatted the dwarf, who had missed his key, and had slipped up by a back way! The magicians started back on seeing him; the princess was crying bitterly, and Ting-a-ling ran past the dwarf, who was laughing too horribly to notice him; and climbing upon the princess's shoulder, sat there among her curls, and did his best to comfort her. "Anyway," said he, "I shall not leave you again," and he drew his little sword, and felt as big as a house. The magicians now advanced towards the dwarf; but he, it seems, was a bit of a magician himself, for he waved a little wand, and instantly a strong partition of iron wire rose up

out of the floor, and reaching from one wall to the other, separated him completely from the five men. The magicians no sooner saw this, than they cried out, "O ho! Mr. Dwarf, is that your game?"

"Yes," said the little wretch, chuckling; "can you play at it?"

"A little," said they; and each one pulled from under his cloak a long file; and filing the partition from the wall on each side, which only needed a few strokes from their sharp files, they pulled it entirely down. But before the magicians could reach him, the dwarf again waved his wand, and a great chasm opened in the floor before them, which was too wide to jump over, and so deep that the bottom could not be seen.

"O ho!" cried the magicians; "another game, eh!"

"Yes indeed," cried the dwarf. "Just let me see you play at that."

Each of the magicians then took from under his magic cloak a long board, and putting them over the chasm, they commenced to walk across. But the dwarf jumped up and waved his wand, and water commenced to fall on the boards, where it immediately froze; and they were so slippery,



that the magicians could hardly keep their feet, and could not make one step forward. Even standing still, they came very near falling off into the chasm below. "I suppose you can play at that," said the dwarf; and the magicians replied, "O yes!" and each one took from under his cloak a pan of ashes, and sprinkled the boards, and walked right over. But before they reached the other edge, the dwarf pushed the chair, which was on rollers, up against the wall behind him,

which opened; and instantly the princess, Ting-a-ling, and the dwarf, disappeared, and the wall closed up. Without saying a word, the magicians each drew from beneath his cloak a pickaxe, and they cut a hole in the wall in a few minutes. There was a large room on the other side, but it was entirely empty. So they sat down, and got out their magical calculations, and soon discovered that the princess was in the lowest part of the castle; but the magical calculations being a little out of order, they could not show exactly her place of confinement. Then the five hurried down-stairs, where they found the slaves still asleep; but one poor little boy, whose business it was to get up early every morning and split kindling wood, having had none of the feast, was not very sleepy, and woke up when he heard footsteps near him. The magicians asked him if he could show them to the lowest part of the castle. "All right," said he; "this way;" and he led them to where there was a great black hole, with a windlass over it. "Get in the bucket," said he, "and I will lower you down."

"Bucket!" cried Alcahazar. "Is that a well?"

"To be sure it is," said the boy, who had nothing on but the baby-clothes he had worn ever since he was born; and which, as he was now about ten years old, had split a good deal in the back and arms, but in length they were very suitable.

"But there can be no one down there," said the magician. "I see deep water."

"Of course there is nobody there," replied the boy. "Were you told to go down there to meet anybody? Because, if you were, you had better take some tubs down with you, to sit in. But all I know about it is, that it's the lowest part of this old hole of a castle."

"Boy," said Alcahazar, "there is a young lady shut up down here somewhere. Do you know where she is?"

"How old is she?" asked the boy.

"About seventeen," said the magician.

"O then! if she is no older than that, I should think she'd be in the preserve-closet, if she knew where it was," and the boy pointed to a great door, barred and locked, where the dwarf, who had a very sweet tooth, kept all his preserves locked up tight and fast. Zamcar stooped and looked through the key-hole of this door, and there, sure enough, was the princess! So the boy proved to be smarter than all the magicians. Each of our five friends now took from under his cloak, a crowbar, and in a minute they had forced the great door open. But they had scarce-

ly entered, when the dwarf, springing on the arm of the chair to which the princess was still tied, drew his sword, and clapped it to her throat, crying out, that if the magicians came one step nearer, he would slice her head off.

"O ho!" cried they, "is that your game?"

"Yes indeed," said the chuckling dwarf; "can you play at it?"

The magicians did not appear to think that they could; but Ting-a-ling, who was still on the princess's shoulder, though unseen by the dwarf, suddenly shouted, "I can play!" and in an instant he had driven his little sword into the dwarf's eye, who immediately sprang from the chair with a howl of anguish. While he was yelling and skipping about, with his hands to his eyes, the poor boy, who hated him worse than pills, clapped a great jar of preserves over him, and sat down on the bottom of the jar, feeling as grand as if he was on the box of the royal coach, driving the king's horses. The magicians untied the princess; and as she looked weak and faint, Zamcar, the youngest, took from under his cloak a little table, set with everything hot and nice for supper; and when the princess had eaten something, and had a cup of tea, she felt a great deal better. Alcahazar lifted up the jar from the dwarf, and there was the little rascal, so covered up with sticky jam that he could not speak, and could hardly move. So, taking an oil-cloth bag from under his cloak, Alcahazar dropped the dwarf into it, and tied it up, and hung it to his girdle. The two youngest magicians made a sort of chair out of a shawl, and they carried the princess on it between them, very comfortably; and as Ting-a-ling still remained on her shoulder, she began to feel that things were beginning to look brighter. They then asked the poor boy what he would like best, as a reward for what he had done; and he said that if they would shut him up in that room, and lock the door tight, and lose the key, he would be happy all the days of his life. So they left the boy (who knew what was good, and was already sucking away at a jar of preserved greengages) in the room, and they shut the door, and locked it tight, and lost the key; and he lived there for ninety-one years, eating preserves; and when they were all gone, he died. All that time he never had any clothes but his baby-clothes, and they got pretty sticky before his death. Then they all left the castle; and as they passed the slaves all fast asleep, the three oldest magicians took from under their cloaks watering-pots, filled with water, that makes men sleep, and they watered the slaves

with it, until they were wet enough to sleep a week. When they went through the gates of copper, brass, iron, and wood, they left them all open behind them. They had not gone far before they saw seventy-five men, all sitting in a row at the side of the road, and looking wofully indeed. They had been wet to the skin, and were now frozen stiff, not one of them being able to move anything but his eyelids, and they were all crying as if their hearts would break. So the magicians stopped, and the three oldest each took from under his cloak a pair of bellows, and they blew hot air on the poor creatures until they were all thawed. Then Alcahaz told them to go up to the castle, and take it for their own, and live there all the rest of their lives. He informed them that the dwarf was his prisoner, and that the slaves would all sleep for a week.

When the seventy-five guests (for those who

had been taken from the feast, had joined their comrades) heard this, they all started up, and ran like deer for the castle; and when they reached it, they woke up their comrades, and took possession, and lived there all their lives. The man who had been first thrown through the window, and who had broken the way through the glass for the others, was elected their chief, because he had suffered the most; and excepting the trouble of doing their own work for a week, until the slaves awoke, these people were very happy ever afterwards.

It was just daylight when our party left the dwarf's castle, and by the next evening they had reached the palace. The army had not got back, and there was no one there but the ladies of the princess. When they saw their dear mistress, there was never before such a-kissing, and hugging, and crying, and laughing. Ting-a-ling came



in for a good share of praise and caressing; and if he had not slipped away to tell his tale to the fairy queen, there is no knowing what would have become of him. The magicians sat down outside of the princess's apartments, to guard her until the army should return; and the ladies would have kissed and hugged them, in their gratitude and joy, if they had not been such dignified and grave personages.

Now, the king, the prince, and the great army, had gone miles and miles away in the opposite direction to the dwarf's castle, and the princess and her ladies did not know how to let them know what had happened. As for ringing the great bell, they knew that that would be useless, for they would never hear it at the distance they were, and so they wished that they had some fireworks to set off. Therefore Zamcar, the youngest magician, offered to go up to the top

of the palace, and set off some. So, when he got up to the roof, he lifted up his cloak and took out some fireworks and set them off; and the light shone for miles and miles, and the king and all his army saw it. The king had just begun to feel tired, and to think that he would pitch his tent, and rest for the night by the side of a pleasant stream they had reached, when he saw the light from the palace, and instantly knew that there had been tidings of the princess, — kings are so smart, you know. So, when his slaves came to ask him where they should pitch his tent, he shouted, "Pitch it in the river! Tention, army! Right about face, for home, — MARCH!" and away the whole army marched for home, the band playing the lively air of—

"Sausage for supper,
Heigh O! Heigh O!
O! Sausage for supper,
Heigh O! Heigh O!" —

so as to keep up the spirits of the tired men. When they approached the palace, which was all lighted up, there was the princess standing at the great door, all in her Sunday clothes, and looking



as lovely as a full-blown rose. The king jumped from his high-mettled racer, and went up the steps, two at a time; but the prince, springing from his fiery steed, bounded up three steps at once, and got there first. When he and the king had got through hugging and kissing the princess, her Sunday clothes looked as if they had been worn a week.

"Now then for supper," said the king, "and I hope it's ready." But the princess said never a word, for she had forgotten all about supper; and all the ladies hung their heads, and were afraid to speak. But when they reached the great hall, they found that the magicians had been at work, and had cooked a grand supper. There it was, on ever so many long tables, all smoking hot, and smelling delightfully. So they all sat down, for there was room enough for every man, and nobody said a word until he was as tight as a drum.

When they had all had enough, and were just about to begin to talk, there were heard strains of the most delightful soft music; and directly, in at a window came the queen of the fairies, attended by her court, all mounted on beautiful golden moths and dragon-flies. When they reached the velvet table in front of the throne, where the king had

been eating, with his plate on his lap, they arranged themselves in a circle on the table, and the queen spoke out in a clear little voice, that could have been heard almost anywhere, and announced to the king that the little Ting-a-ling, who now wore her royal scarf, was the preserver of his daughter.

"O ho!" said the king; "and what can I do for such a mite as you, my fine little fellow?"

Then Ting-a-ling, who wanted nothing for himself, and only thought of the good of his people, made a low bow to the king, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Your royal gardeners are going to make asparagus beds all over our fairy pleasure grounds. If you can prevent that, I have nothing more to ask."

"Blow, Horner, blow!" cried the king, "and hear, all men! If any man, woman, or child, from this time henceforward forever, shall dare to set foot in the garden now occupied by the fairies, he shall be put to death, he and all his family, and his relations, as far as they can be traced. Take notice of that, every one of you!"

Ting-a-ling then bowed his thanks, and all the people made up their minds to take very particular notice of what the king had said.

Then the magicians were ordered to come forward and name their reward; but they bowed their heads, and simply besought the king that he would grant them seven rye straws, the peeling



from a red apple, and the heel from one of his old slippers. What in the name of common sense they wanted with these, no one but themselves knew; but magicians are such strange creatures! When these valuable gifts had been bestowed upon them, the five good magicians de-

parted, leaving the dwarf for the king to do what he pleased with. This little wretch was shut up in an iron cage, and every day was obliged to eat three codfish, a bushel of Irish potatoes, and eleven pounds of bran crackers, and to drink a gallon of cambric tea; all of which things he despised from the bottom of his miserable little heart.

"Now," cried the king, "all is settled, and let everybody go to bed. There is room enough in the palace for all to sleep to-night. Form in couples, and to bed,—MARCH!" So they all formed in couples, and began to march to bed, to the music of the band; and the fairies, their lit-

tle horns blowing, and with Ting-a-ling at the post of honor by the queen, took up their line of march, out of the window to the garden, which was to be, henceforward, forever their own. Just as they were all filing out, in flew little Parsley on the back of his butterfly, which had got hatched out at last.

"Hello!" cried he. "Is it all over?"

"Pretty nearly," said Ting-a-ling. "It's just letting out. How came you to be so late?"

"Easy enough," said poor little Parsley. "Of all the mean things that ever was the pokiest long time in unwrapping its wings, this butterfly's the meanest."

FARMER THOMAS'S STORY ABOUT INCLOSING AN ACRE WITH A FENCE-RAIL.

BY F. R. GOULDING.

"En, boys!" said Farmer Thomas, in his rough and ready way; "do you think it is possible, under any circumstances, to make a rail fence an acre? "Who says No? Ah, you all say it, do you? Then I will show you that it is possible, and not by any splitting of the rail into threads, either, as somebody in the crowd says; nor by making the rail of India-rubber and stretching it around, as somebody else suggests; but by using an ordinary fence-rail, ten feet long, put up with others of the same kind into a ten-rail fence, in such way that each one of them shall have an acre answering to it inside the field.

"Do you still say No? Well, I will show you how it can be done. But, first, I must tell the story how I came to find it out, and give you a chance to find it out for yourselves.

"When I was a young man, I settled a new place, all in the woods, at the outskirts of a pleasant little village, and, soon after, I began to plan out a 'truck-patch,' as we backwoodsmen in Georgia call a small field for turnips, potatoes, water-melons, and roasting-ear corn for table use. But how large should it be? and how many rails would it take to fence it? This was an important question, for, though land was plenty, rail-timber was scarce. Less than an acre would be insufficient, and more than that would be very desirable. So I sat down and calculated, first, how many rails it would take to inclose a single acre with a crooked rail fence.

"Do you all know what is meant by a *crooked rail fence*? No doubt all know who have been raised in the country; but, ha, ha! I suspect that some of these city boys are ready to make the mistake that is said to have been made by a workman in the early history of Connecticut. As the story goes, he was engaged by a farmer to make him a fence of this kind, and in doing so he gathered all the crookedest rails he could obtain. The farmer said that it was the best fence on his farm, for the rails were so crooked they could not lie still, and would scare off all wild beasts that came near; and that nothing could get over, for, whenever any one attempted to climb, the rails would turn and throw him back on the side from which he was trying to cross.

"Well, that is *not* what we mean by a crooked rail fence; but one made of straight rails, laid in a zigzag. The rails are all ten feet long, but when laid properly, it requires two panels to span fifteen feet. I made my calculation in this way: Each acre measures about seventy yards, or two hundred and ten feet, to a side; and, of course, four times that all around. Now, allowing twenty rails to every fifteen feet will take—who of you, boys, can tell me how many rails, eh?

"Yes, little Mr. Rule-of-Three, you have made it out—one thousand one hundred and twenty rails; but, for the sake of round numbers, we will call it one thousand. Right here; though, when I had finished my calculation, there came

up a thought, and then a question. The thought was this: That it would take only a few more rails to fence in two acres, and that it would be a great saving to enlarge my truck-patch. And the question, which amused me much for the time, and which has amused many a one since that time, was this:—

"If one thousand rails will fence one square acre, how large a square will two thousand fence?"


"Boys, I will leave this question with you for a minute or two, to see if you can calculate it for yourselves, while I go on with another part of my story. Somebody says, 'Two thousand rails will inclose two square acres,' So it will. But that does not answer the question; for they will fence one acre here and another acre yonder, while the question is, *How large a square?* Now calculate, while I go on with my story.

"In the same neighborhood where I lived there was a young Vermont schoolmaster—the most perfect 'Jack-of-all-trades' I ever saw. He was a good tailor, and a good shoemaker, and a good watch-tinker, and a good blacksmith, and stone-cutter, and instrument-maker; and, among other things, a good calculator. Now, whether it was that I took a fancy to the man, or the man to me, I cannot tell, but he was often at my house, and I was always glad to see him; and many a knotty question did we ask each other, and many a new idea did we give and get in exchange.

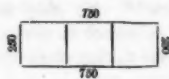
"After having made my calculation about the truck-patch, and being somewhat surprised at the result, I determined to give the question to the schoolmaster the next time he came around, and to have a little amusement with him. I knew he would be interested in it, because it was a practical question arising in the way of business, and he was a very practical, business man. But, quick as he usually was at figures, the question rather bothered him, for, not only was it out of the ordinary line, but he had no rule ready made to hand by which to calculate it. So he said to me, — 'Don't ask me for the answer to-day. I will give it the next time we meet.'

"Not many days after he met me, laughing, and said, 'I can answer your question now, but there is another one growing out of it which I wish you first to promise that you will answer me.'

"I told him I would do so if I could. He said that the answer to my question was — But stop! These boys have been calculating, and I should like to know who has got the answer. Eh? Nobody! Why, that's strange, for it is a very simple sum. Then I will have to tell you.

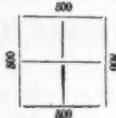
"Here is the diagram of a square acre, inclosed by one thousand rails. Of course,  there are two hundred and fifty to a side.

But we are going to double the number of rails, and see how large a field we can inclose. If the field is only one acre wide, then there will be two hundred and fifty rails at each end, and the other two sides must be made up of seven hundred and fifty each: that is, the field will be three times as long as it is broad, and, therefore, will contain exactly three acres, thus:—



But the figure of that field is not properly a square; it is an oblong, or, as some call it, a *long square*; and my

question calls for a *square* square. Now, let us make a diagram of one with five hundred rails to a side, and see how many acres it will contain. Here it is. You see that each side is two acres long, and, therefore, the field contains exactly four acres.



"I said just now that, when the schoolmaster gave the answer to my question, he had a question for me to answer growing out of it. It was this:—

"'If one thousand rails will fence one square acre, and two thousand rails will fence four square acres; then, by the same rule, four thousand rails will fence sixteen acres, and eight thousand will fence sixty-four. That is, as you double the number of rails, you quadruple the number of acres. Is it not so?'

"I answered that it certainly was; and he went on to say, 'The number of acres increases so much faster than the number of rails, that, although at first they are as one to a thousand, yet, after a while, the number of acres will overtake the number of rails. Now, my question is this:—

"'If one thousand rails will fence one square acre, and two thousand rails will fence four square acres, *how large must that field be that shall contain as many acres as there are rails that fence it?*'

"Well, boys, I must confess that when the schoolmaster gave me that sum it made me draw a long breath; for I saw in a moment that, although the acres of the field must overtake the number of rails somewhere or other, they could only do so in an awful big field, and I began to think (you know a farmer will think of such things) how long the furrows must be from end to end, and how many of them could be ploughed in a hot summer's day without stopping to rest.

"As for the question itself, I was well enough

acquainted with figures to know that, although the sum looked large, a few doublings on one side, and double-doublings (or quadruplings) on the other, would either bring them together, or make the smaller number pass the greater. Suppose you boys try it; and, in order to do it in less time, let one begin with 1,000, and go on doubling it for ten or a dozen times, and another boy take 1 and double-double, or multiply it by four, the same number of times and see at what figure on each side they pass one another.

"Ah, that is right! At the tenth doubling of 1,000 you get 1,024,000, and at the tenth quadrupling of 1 you get 1,128,000. Well, you do not find the exact number at which the two quantities meet, but you may say, in round numbers, that, at the rate proposed, *one million of rails will fence a million of acres*; or, in other words, *that every rail will then fence an acre*. Eh! do you believe it now?

"As to the question that made me draw a long breath when I asked about the furrows, I will say no more, except that the field must be one

thousand acres to each side, and that will make each furrow, from end to end, to be about forty miles long.

"But I am not quite done with fencing the field. There was another question, still, that grew up from it. I was talking over the matter one day with some friends, and showed them that a million of rails would fence a million of acres, when I noticed one of them look rather quizzical. Said he:—

"Farmer Thomas, at the same rate, would not two million of rails fence four million of acres?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"And four million of rails fence sixteen million of acres? That is, every quarter of a rail fence an acre?"

"I still said, 'Certainly.'

"Well," said he, "I have another sum for you to do. At the same rate, making half a rail fence an acre, then one fourth of a rail, then one eighth, and so on, *how large must that field be that will be fenced by no rails at all?*"

"Eh, boys! who can answer this question?"

THE JUDGE'S PETS.

BY E. JOHNSON.

EVERYTHING loved the Judge. Grown-up people were sometimes a little afraid of him, because he was known to be so very good himself, and to expect every one else to be equally good; but the little children and the dumb animals loved him, without fearing him at all. If he made a visit at any house, the children made him their chief playfellow before they had known him two days, and seemed always to think his visits were intended especially for them. The smallest ones followed him about the house calling, "Dudgey, Dudgey"; and the older ones came to him for stories and help in their lessons. No dog or cat ever failed to know him for a friend at the first meeting, and his own pets had an affection for him which seemed beyond their natures. When he looked into one of the clean pig-sties, even the oldest and fattest pig grunted with lazy pleasure, and managed to waddle to the window to have his head scratched with a corn-cob. One of the pigs got loose one day, and was found in Deacon Sam's cornfield, eating immense quantities of corn and trampling down and spoiling a great deal more than he ate. Of course the

Deacon's people began to drive him out; but the more they drove, the more piggy wouldn't go, and only ran round faster and trampled down the corn more than ever. At last the Deacon sent



word to the Judge, who went at once to the scene of action. He stopped the shouting and running, and then going near the pig, called, "Piggy, Piggy; come, good Piggy," and the pig came quietly

out and followed the well-known voice. All the people laughed, as well they might, to see the portly and dignified Judge walking gravely up the village street with a fat pig following at his heels like a dog. The cows were special pets. The Judge was a very busy person all through the week, but on Sunday he always visited his cows, and generally carried the baby in his arms, letting it pat and feed the gentle creatures who always surrounded him as soon as he entered the yard. So the children learned to love the cows before they were old enough to be afraid of them, or know that they could do harm with their big horns, if they tried.

When he was away from home, Old Malty, the big cat, showed her loneliness in the plainest way, going mewing about and hunting for him in all his accustomed places.

If he was out of the house, when he came home again, she knew of his arrival as soon as she saw his carpet-bag or cloak, and never rested a moment till she had found him, and rubbed herself against his legs, purring a loud song of



welcome. Of course the Judge had a great many pets at different times, and if you like to hear about them as well as some children do, who are always asking me for stories, I will give you the histories of a few.

BRAVE.

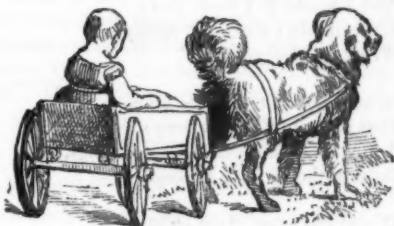
When the Judge's oldest boy was nine or ten years old, he had a present which delighted him beyond measure. It was a little black puppy, so small that George brought it home in a little basket, and for some weeks it could go in and out of the kitchen through Old Malty's little hanging

door. He was a little, crying, homesick baby, and mourned so for his mother that some one was obliged to hold him in their lap and pet him all day long, until he was reconciled to his new home.

He soon grew, however, to be a very large and powerful dog. He was not at all handsome, being black and rough, and very awkward and uncouth in his manners; but he had the bravest and most loving heart ever carried in a dog's bosom, and George always maintained that he knew more than any man in town. Never did boy and dog love each other better, or have more fun together, than these two. They frolicked in every way possible, and George even taught Brave to wrestle, which he did with great skill, and at last grew so much the stronger of the two that George gave up the amusement. In the winter they would climb (how the dog did it I can't imagine, but where his master went he could always follow somehow) on to the roof of the piazza, and jump into the deep snowdrifts, boy first and dog on top, and then flounder out as best they could,—Brave enjoying the fun as much as any boy. He showed great affection for all the Judge's family, with a most enthusiastic devotion to the mother, and seemed to consider the baby as his especial charge. In the hot summer days her little mattress was brought down and spread on the library floor as the coolest place in the house. When she was laid on it, Brave always stretched himself beside her and nothing would induce him to leave his watch, until she awaked and was taken up. When she was drawn out in her little wagon, Brave walked gravely beside it, and allowed no stranger to come very near her. One day the Judge had a mind to see how Brave would settle a question of divided duty, so he drew the baby down into the orchard, where Brave, as usual, lay down by the wagon. Then the Judge went toward the house, and just before he was out of hearing, turned and called Brave to come to him. The dog rose and came a little way, then looked back at the wagon and took a few steps toward that; then, when the Judge called louder, as if displeased, he came toward his master again. He hesitated a long time, the Judge all the while calling in his most commanding voice, but at last the dog made up his mind, and lay quietly down by the wagon, from which he refused to stir again. He seemed to think, "It is a very sad thing to disobey my master, but it will never do to leave this little baby alone. Who knows what might happen to her, away down here in the orchard,

with no one near enough to hear her if she cries!" All the family voted that Brave's decision was the right one and he was held in increased respect. But this sense of responsibility for the baby by and by brought Brave into great trouble, as you shall see. Though so very affectionate to those he knew and loved, he cared for but few people, and allowed no familiarities from strangers. He was very particular about dress and appearance, and would not allow any respectable looking person to come into the yard. George went away to school, and I suppose Brave grew a little morose from loneliness and want of exercise. Then the boys, who had not dared to meddle with him when George was at home, teased him a good deal, only taking very good care to keep out of his reach. He took to lying on a wood-pile and barking and growling a good deal, and it frightened people to be barked at by such a very big, fierce looking dog. Complaints began to be brought to the Judge that his dog had snapped at this boy, or "come near" biting that one. These complaints were not believed at first, or Brave was excused on account of the insults he was known to have received. But at last a definite charge was brought, and, alas! Brave was proved guilty. A little harness had been made for him, and he was the proudest and happiest of dogs when fastened to the baby's wagon and allowed to drag her about the streets. But he felt responsible for her safety, and if any stranger came too near the wagon, he showed his teeth in a way which was a plain warning to all not to meddle with *his* baby. One day he was trotting along in his harness and feeling himself of the utmost importance, when he met a man in bright green plaid pantaloons. I told you Brave was fastidious about dress, and the pantaloons were ugly enough to offend any dog of taste; but he would probably have passed them in contemptuous silence, if the wearer had not put his hand on the baby's wagon. This was too much for Brave, and, without a growl or any warning, he seized the green plaids in his teeth. The man was somewhat hurt and very angry, and threatened to kill the dog. He would probably have kept his word, and besides it would hardly answer for a Christian and philanthropic Judge to keep a dog who bit his neighbors. So it was decided that, for his own safety, and that of others, Brave must be banished. A home was found for him in a kind family, who lived on a lonely farm out of the way of teasing boys and needed a good watch-dog. Tears were shed by more than one of the family, as Brave was taken away by

his new master. The next day he found his way home, and threw himself at the mother's feet in a perfect ecstasy of joy. He leaped up on her, he crouched before her, he looked in her face with his pleading eyes, till she fairly cried. Still the Judge had decided that it was wrong to keep him, and he was handed over to his new master again, with directions to keep him chained up until he should have forgotten his old home. He was tied up a long time, and the very day he was



released he ran away and laid himself again at the mother's feet with the same pleading eyes which it was so hard to deny. This happened over and over again, and was too painful to be borne. It was thought to be kindest to Brave and all the rest to send him so far away that he could not get home, and it was hoped he would in time forget the past, and be happy again. So it was decided to give him to a family who were about moving to Ohio, and wanted a dog to watch their wagon. Ohio was the "far West" in those days, and families who went there travelled in great covered wagons, in which they ate, slept, and lived, during the whole journey. Under one of these wagons Brave was chained, and went away, leaving the family very sad and anxious as to the treatment he might be receiving, and the grief he must be feeling at the loss of his old friends.

Weeks after this, the farmer who had owned Brave for a little while found, lying near his house, a poor, lean, starved, worn-out dog, whom he could just recognize as Brave. He moved his tail when his name was called, and seemed glad to see the farmer, but did not live an hour after he was first found. How far he had travelled was never known, but probably he had made his escape at the first opportunity and found his way back alone, perhaps for hundreds of miles. How he must have suffered from fatigue and hunger, and longing for the dear old faces, as he plodded on, to die at last, poor fellow, within three miles of friends, and home, and happiness.

THE CROW'S CHILDREN.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

A HUNTSMAN, bearing his gun a-field,
Went whistling merrily;
When he heard the blackest of black crows
Call out from a withered tree :—

"You are going to kill the thievish birds,
And I would if I were you;
But you mustn't touch my family,
Whatever else you do!"

"I'm only going to kill the birds
That are eating up my crop;
And if your young ones do such things,
Be sure they'll have to stop."

"O," said the crow, "my children
Are the best ones ever born;
There isn't one among them all
Would steal a grain of corn."

"But how shall I know which ones they are?
Do they resemble you?"

"O no," said the crow, "they're the prettiest
birds,
And the whitest that ever flew!"

So off went the sportsman, whistling,
And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never ceased
Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled,
Cawing away in her nook;

For she said, "He'll never kill my birds,
Since I told him how they look.

"Now there's the hawk, my neighbor,
She'll see what she will see, soon;
And that saucy, whistling blackbird
May have to change his tune!"

When, lo! she saw the hunter,
Taking his homeward track,
With a string of crows as long as his gun,
Hanging down his back.

"Alack, alack!" said the mother,
"What in the world have you done?
You promised to spare my pretty birds,
And you've killed them every one."

"Your birds!" said the puzzled hunter;
"Why, I found them in my corn;
And besides, they are black and ugly
As any that ever were born!"

"Get out of my sight, you stupid!"
Said the angriest of crows;
"How good and fair the children are,
There's none but a parent knows!"

"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter,
"But not as you do, quite;
It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white!"

STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETS.

I.

BY ABBY SAGE, AUTHOR OF "STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

You have heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson, have you not? He who made a great English dictionary, who was famous for saying wise things, and was, in his way, a very great man. One of his sayings was, That a poet ought to know everything and to have seen everything. And this seems to be proved true by the fact that most of the really wonderful poets have been men of very

wide experience in life, or else they observed so closely and were gifted with such clear insight, that all things of which they wrote were as real to them as if they were a part of them.

So Shakespeare has been thought to be a school-teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, a soldier, as well as an actor and manager of a theatre. And Chaucer, about whom I wish to tell you, has been thought just such another Jack-of-all-trades.

Geoffrey Chaucer, who is called the "Father of English Poetry," — think what a title that is to wear for four centuries and a half! — was born in London in 1328 — nearly two hundred and forty years before Shakespeare, and over one hundred and fifty years before Columbus discovered this Continent. It is so long ago that all things about him are uncertain, except that he was a great poet. That will stand, I hope, while the English language lasts. Like Shakespeare, he is said to have studied law, and been a soldier, but the first we really know of him he is a courtier in the palace of King Edward III.

He was in great favor there, and a daily pitcher of wine used to be sent him from the king's own table, — a gift which was afterwards changed into a pension. So from this mark of the king's favor he has sometimes been thought the first poet-laureate of England.

Several times Edward sent him to the Continent on political errands, and there he had good opportunity to learn everything and see everything.

During Edward's reign he became attached to John of Gaunt, — whom Shakespeare calls "Time-honored Lancaster," — and, by his advice, the poet married a lady of Hainault, a province in Belgium. After Chaucer's marriage, John of Gaunt himself married an older sister of the same family. So the poet and his patron were brothers-in-law.

After Edward came Richard II., and in his reign were hot times. Wycliffe, the great preacher, who fought stoutly against the bad and ignorant priests, and tried hard to make the church better, began his career. John of Gaunt favored this great reformer, and Chaucer did also. So the poet got in disgrace with the court. He fled to Hainault, where his wife's family lived, and was very kind to his fellow-countrymen there, who were also obliged to flee on account of these quarrels about religion. Wycliffe was a very noble, fearless man, and it is one of the best things we know of Chaucer that he was on his side.

After a while he came back to England — a little too soon, however, for he was arrested and stripped of his revenue. Then he went to live in retirement on the estate of John of Gaunt, and here, when nearly sixty, he wrote "The Canterbury Tales," his greatest work.

These were the days of romance, of crusades, and tourneys, and Chaucer had plenty of material for stories. And at his ripe age he brought ripe learning and ripe experience to his work.

After a while Henry Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, became king. This was the

"cankered Bolingbroke" whom Hotspur quarreled with. So Chaucer came into the sunshine of royal favor again. But he was quite an old man at this time. The last we find of him he hired a house in the garden of Westminster Abbey, in which he lived till his death. Then he was buried in the great Abbey, the very first of a long line of poets who sleep there, in what is called the "Poets' Corner" of the grand old church.

Chaucer is said to have been very handsome, and I fancy it is true, since his beautiful works must have made him beautiful. But all the description I find of him does not read very flatteringly. This is it: —

"His stature was not very tall;
Lean he was, his legs were small;
Hosed with a stock of red,
A buttoned bonnet on his head."

His poetry is old-fashioned now — much of it is unfit to read. But in many of his verses, especially when he describes nature, we seem to see the daisy or the dewy grass, or smell the odor of new-mown hay in country pastures, and hear the cattle lowing, and feel the fresh air blowing from woods and fields.

Some of his stories are very entertaining. I will tell you one from "Canterbury Tales," called

THE PIOUS CONSTANCE.

Once upon a time the Emperor of Rome had a beautiful daughter named Constance. She was so fair to look on that, far and wide, she was spoken of as "the beautiful princess." But, better than that, she was so good and so saintly that everybody in her father's dominions loved her, and often they forgot to call her "the beautiful princess," but called her instead, "Constance the good."

All the merchants who came thither to buy and sell goods, carried away to other countries accounts of Constance, her beauty, and her holiness. One day there came to Rome some merchants from Syria, with shiploads of cloths of gold, and satins rich in hue, and all kinds of spicery, which they would sell in the Roman markets. While they abode here, the fame of Constance came to their ears, and they sometimes saw her lovely face as she went about the city among the poor and suffering, and were so pleased with the sight that they could talk of nothing else when they returned home; so that, after a while, their reports came to the ear of the Soldan of Syria, their ruler, and he sent to the merchants to hear from their lips all about the fair Roman maiden.

As soon as he heard their story, this Soldan began secretly to love the fair picture which his fancy painted of the good Constance, and he shut himself up to think of her, and to study how he could gain her for his own.

At length he sent to all his wise men, and called them together in council.

"You have heard," he said to them, "of the beauty and goodness of the Roman princess. I desire her for my wife. So cast about quickly for some way by which I may win her."

Then all the wise men were horrified; because Constance was a Christian, while the Syrians believed in Mohammed as their sacred prophet. One wise man thought the Soldan had been bewitched by some fatal love-charm brought from Rome. Another explained that some of the stars in the heavens were out of place, and had been making great mischief among the stars which governed the life of the Soldan. One had one explanation and one another, but to all the Soldan only answered,—"All these words avail nothing. I shall die if I may not have Constance for my wife."

One of the wise men then said plainly,—"But the Emperor of Rome will not give his daughter to any but a Christian."

When the Soldan heard that he cried joyfully: "O, if that is all, I will straightway turn Christian, and all my kingdom with me."

So they sent an ambassador to the Emperor to know if he would give his daughter to the Soldan of Syria, if he and all his people would turn Christian. And the Emperor, who was very devout and thought he ought to use all means to spread his religion, answered that he would.

So poor little Constance, like a white lamb chosen for a sacrifice, was made ready to go to Syria. A fine ship was prepared, and a treasure for her dowry, and beautiful clothes, and hosts of attendants, were put on board.

She herself was pale with grief and weeping at parting from her home and her own dear mother. But she was so pious and devoted that she was willing to go if it would make Syria a good Christian land. So, as cheerfully as she could, she set sail.

Now the Soldan had a very wicked mother, who was all the time angry in her heart that the Soldan had become a Christian. Before Constance arrived in Syria, she called together all the lords in the kingdom whom she knew to be friendly to her. She told them of a plot she had made to kill the Soldan and all those who changed their religion with him, as soon as the bride had come.

They all agreed to this dreadful plot, and then the old Soldaness went, smiling and bland, to the Soldan's palace.

"My dear son," she said, "at last I am resolved to become a Christian: I am surprised I have been blind so long to the beauty of this new faith. And, in token of our agreement about it, I pray you will honor me by attending with your bride at a great feast which I shall make for you."

The Soldan was overjoyed to see his mother so amiable. He knelt at her feet and kissed her hand, saying,—"Now, my dear mother, my happiness is full, since you are reconciled to this marriage. And Constance and I will gladly come to your feast."

Then the hideous old hag went away, nodding and mumbling,—"Aha! mistress Constance, white as they call you, you shall be dyed so red that all the water in your church font shall not wash you clean again!"

Constance came soon after, and there was great feasting and merry-making, and the Soldan was very happy.

Then the Soldaness gave her great feast, and while they sat at the table, her soldiers came in and killed the Soldan and all the lords who were friendly to him, and slaughtered so many that the banquet-hall swam ankle-deep in blood.

But they did not slay Constance. Instead, they bore her to the sea and put her on board her ship all alone, with provisions for a long journey, and then set her adrift on the wide waters.

Fancy her, tossing about on the wild sea, amid waves and winds, all calm and pale, with her little crucifix, which she always wore round her neck, folded close to her bosom. So she sailed on, drifting past many shores, out into the limitless ocean, borne on by the billows, seeing the day dawn and the sun set and never meeting living creature. All alone on a wide sea! drifting down into soft southern seas where the warm winds always blew, then driving up into frozen waters where green, glittering icebergs sailed solemnly past the ship, so near, it seemed as if they would crush the frail bark to atoms.

So, for three long years, day and night, winter and summer, this lonely ship went on, till at length the winds cast it on the English shores.

As soon as the ship stranded, the governor of the town, with his wife, and a great crowd of people, came to see this strange vessel. They were all charmed with the sweet face of Constance, and Dame Hennegilde, the governor's wife, on the instant, loved her as her life. So this noble couple

took her home and made much of her. But Constance was so mazed with the peril she had passed that she could scarcely remember who she was or whence she came, and could answer naught to all their questionings.

While she lived with the good Hennegilde, a young knight began to love her, and sued for her love in return. But he was so wicked that Constance would not heed him. This made him very angry. He swore in his heart that he would have revenge. He waited until one night when the governor was absent, and going into the room where Dame Hennegilde lay, with Constance sleeping in the same chamber, this wicked knight killed the good lady. Then he put the dripping knife into the hand of Constance, and smeared her face and clothes with blood, that it might appear she had done the deed.

When the governor returned and saw this dreadful sight, he knew not what to think. Yet, even then, he could not believe Constance was guilty. He carried her before the king to be judged. This King, Alla, was very tender and good, and when he saw Constance standing in the midst of the people with her frightened eyes looking appealingly from one to another like a wounded deer who is chased to its death, his heart was moved with pity.

The governor and all his people told how Constance had loved the murdered lady, and what holy words she had taught. All except the real murderer, who kept declaring she was the guilty one.

The king asked her, "Have you any champion who could fight for you?"

At this Constance, falling on her knees, cried

out that she had no champion but God, and prayed that he would defend her innocence.

"Now," cried the king, "bring the holy book which was brought from Brittany by my fathers, and let the knight swear upon it that the maiden is guilty."

So they brought the book of the Gospels and the knight kissed it, but as soon as he began to take the oath he was felled down as by a terrible blow, and his neck was found broken and his eyes burst from his head. Before them all, in great agony, he died, confessing his guilt and the innocence of Constance.

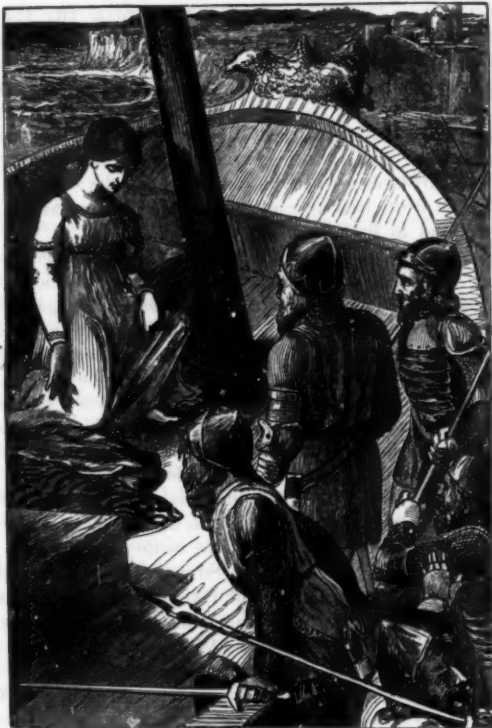
King Alla had been much moved by the beauty of Constance and her innocent looks, and now she was proved guiltless, all his heart went out to her. And when he asked her to become his queen she gladly consented, for she loved him because he had pitied and helped her. They were soon married amidst the great rejoicing of the people, and the king and all the land became converted to the Christian faith.

This king also had a mother, named Donegilde, an old heatheness, no less cruel than the mother of the Soldan. She hated Constance because she had been made queen,

though, for fear of her son's wrath, she dared not molest her.

After his honey-moon, King Alla went northward to do battle with the Scots, who were his foes, leaving his wife in charge of a bishop and the good governor, the husband of the murdered Hennegilde. While he was absent Heaven sent Constance a beautiful little son, whom she named Maurice.

As soon as the babe was born, the governor sent a messenger to the king with a letter telling



him of his good fortune. Now it happened this messenger was a courtier, who wished to keep on good terms with all the royal family. So, as soon as he got the letter, he went to Donegilde, the king's mother, and asked her if she had any message to send to her son.

Donegilde was very courteous and begged him to wait till next morning, while she got her message ready. She plied the man with wine and strong liquor till evening, when he slept so fast that nothing could wake him. While he was asleep she opened all his letters and read all that the governor had written. Then this wicked old woman wrote to Alla that his wife Constance was a witch who had bewitched him and all his people, but now her true character became plain, and she had given birth to a horrible, fiend-like creature, who, she said, was his son. This she put in place of the governor's letter, and despatched the messenger at dawn.

King Alla was nearly heart-broken when he read these bad tidings, but he wrote back to wait all things till he returned, and to harm neither Constance nor her son. Back rode the messenger to Donegilde again. She played over her tricks and got him sound asleep. Then she took the king's letter and put one in its place commanding the governor to put Constance and her child aboard the ship in which she came to these shores and set her afloat again.

The good governor could hardly believe his eyes when he read these orders, and the tears ran over his cheeks for grief. But he dared not disobey what he supposed was the command of his king and master, so he made the vessel ready and went and told Constance what he must do.

She, poor soul, was almost struck dumb with grief. But she uttered no complaint, only she prayed to the blessed Virgin to take pity on her and take care of her poor little baby. Then, kneeling before the governor, she cried, with many tears, —

"If I must go again on the cruel seas, at least this poor little innocent, who has done no evil, may be spared. Keep my poor baby till his father comes back, and perchance he will take pity on him."

But the governor dared not consent, and Constance must go to the ship, carrying her babe in her arms. Through the street she walked, the people following her with tears, she with eyes fixed on heaven and the infant sobbing on her bosom. Thus she went on board ship and drifted away again.

Now, for another season, she went about at the

mercy of winds and waves, in icy waters where winds whistled through the frozen rigging, and down into tropical seas where she lay becalmed for months in the glassy water. Then fresh breezes would spring up and drive her this way or that, as they listed. But this time she had her babe for comfort, and he grew to be a child near five years old before she was rescued. And this is the way it happened.

When the Emperor of Rome heard of the deeds the cruel Soldaness had done, and how his daughter's husband had been slain, he sent an army to Syria, and all these years they had besieged the royal city till it was burnt and destroyed. Now the fleet returning to Rome, met the ship in which Constance sailed, and they fetched her and her child to her native country. The senator who commanded the fleet was her uncle, but he knew her not, and she did not make herself known. He took her into his own house, and her aunt, the senator's wife, loved her greatly, never guessing she was her own princess and kinswoman.

When King Alla got back from his war with the Scots and heard how Constance had been sent away he was very angry; but when he questioned and found the letter which had been sent him was false, and that Constance had borne him a beautiful boy, he knew not what to think. When the governor showed him the letter with his own seal which directed that his wife and child should be sent away, he knew there was some hidden wickedness in all this. He forced the messenger to tell where he had carried the letters, and he confessed he had slept two nights at the castle of Donegilde.

So it all came out, and the king, in a passion of rage, slew his mother, and then shut himself up in his castle to give way to grief.

After a time he began to repent his deed, because he remembered it was contrary to the gentle teachings of the faith Constance had taught him. In his penitence he resolved to go to Rome on a pilgrimage, to atone for his sin. So in his pilgrim dress he set out for the great empire.

Now when it was heard in Rome that the great Alla from the North-land had come thither on a Christian pilgrimage, all the noble Romans vied to do him honor. Among others, the senator with whom Constance abode invited him to a great banquet which he made for him. While Alla sat at this feast, his eyes were constantly fixed upon a beautiful boy, one of the senator's pages, who stood near and filled their goblets with

wine. At length he said to his host,—"Pray tell me whence came the boy who serves you. Who is he, and do his father and mother live in the country?"

"A mother he has," answered the senator: "so holy a woman never was seen. But if he has father I cannot tell you." Then he went on and told the king of Constance, and how she was found with this boy, her child, on the pathless sea.

Alla was overjoyed in his heart, for he knew then that this child was his own son. As soon as they could, they sent for Constance to come thither. When she saw her husband, she uttered a cry and fell into a deep swoon. When she was recovered, she looked reproachfully at Alla, for she supposed it was by his order she had been so

ruthlessly sent from his kingdom. But when, with many tears of pity for her misfortunes, King Alla told her how he had grieved for her, and how long he had suffered thus, she was convinced.

Then they embraced each other, and were so happy that no other happiness, except that of heavenly spirits, could ever be equal to theirs.

After this, she made herself known to the Emperor, her father, who had great rejoicing over his long-lost daughter, whom he had thought dead. For many weeks Rome was full of feasting, and merry-making, and happiness. These being over, King Alla, with his dear wife, returned to his kingdom of England, where they lived in great happiness all the rest of their days.

"IT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS."

[Concluded.]

"I'm sorry I frightened you so, ma'am. I wasn't scared myself. It was only one of my turns. Mother says she expects I'll go off in one of 'em, sometime, but we don't tell father that. And I hope I shall live to go on a pilgrimage, first.

"Did my flower take the prize?

"I'll tell you all about it, ma'am. After father went away with it in the morning, I thought what a long day it would be before he would bring it back at night. But I told stories to the children, and that kept them out from under mother's feet, and I read my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and had a good time; but I was glad when I heard father's step on the stairs, and to see my dear, good little flower, safe and sound.

"Don't take on, my lass," says father, 'but the handsome flowers elbowed yours away off into a corner, and it's my belief that nobody so much as looked at it.'

"That must be the reason it did not get the prize," says L. 'I'm glad it *ought* to have got it, anyhow.'

"And then I said it was late, and time to go to sleep, and I lay down and cried under the quilt; but not loud; that would have plagued father. My poor little flower! Nobody had looked at it! Nobody had told it how pretty it was! And it was such a good little thing, to grow here in our crowded room, when other

plants were having such a nice time out o' doors!

"But, after I had cried a pretty long time about it, I fell asleep, and dreamed a beautiful dream. I thought I was as well and strong as ever, and that I carried my flower to the Exhibition myself, and, stood a little way back, to see what the people would say to it. There was a great crowd, and somebody said there were lords and ladies mixed all up among us poor folks. But all I looked at was my flower. There it stood, up in a corner, all by itself; but nobody noticed it, nobody said a word about it, except Mrs. Jones; and I heard her laugh, and say, 'Do look at that mean, scraggling little atom of a marigold of Lizzy Gray's! The idea of bringing it here, among all these splendid flowers!'

"She passed on, and a gentleman and a lady stopped to look at it.

"O, look at this poor, little, half-starved marigold!" said the lady. 'What a pathetic story of its own it tells. Fancy how the child's heart will ache, when it goes home and tells her it has not won a prize after all! Tuck something down into the pot, dear; she will find it to-morrow; and what a surprise, and what a joy, that will be to her!'

"She was such a lovely lady to look at, with a face that went right down into your heart! And her husband said,—'Yes, darling, I have.'

"Then all the people who had brought plants, had tea and bread and butter, in a tent, and there was a band that played sweet music; and the children tumbled about in the green grass. But I did not want any tea, or any bread and butter, and I had heard that sweet lady's voice, and it was music that nobody else heard. So I took my little flower-pot in my arms, and went home with it; and it kept growing heavier and heavier, just as Jim used to the last days I nursed him, and I could hardly get up the stairs; and when I did, my two legs went from under me, and I fell right into the room.

"The fright woke me up, and then I knew it was all a dream, for it wasn't bed-time, and mother sat at work by the light of the candle, and father sat by her, cutting a bit of stick. So there wasn't any sweet lady, and there wasn't any kind gentleman, after all! The tears began to come again, and I could hardly help crying out loud. But I heard mother say,—

"She didn't take it much to heart, after all, poor thing. She dropped off to sleep like a lamb, as soon as you got home."

"I hope she did," says father. "For I never had my heart so broke but once before."

"And when was that?" says mother.

"It was the night I got a look at her poor back," says father. "You'd better let me know it when it was a coming on, and not let me find it out all of a sudden. Why, when I went to my work next day, the streets, and the houses, and the people were there just the same, and the carriages rattling along just as usual; and yet they weren't the same streets, nor the same houses, nor the same people. Everything was altered to my eyes, and altered to my ears. My trouble had struck in, and there wasn't no cure for it. Sometimes I think it's your fault with letting the poor thing carry the children about; and sometimes I think it's a judgment upon us for living like two heathens, as we always have."

"As to that," says mother, "I did the best I could by the child. Bringing up a family of young ones is a trade, and I never learnt it. I was a slip of a girl, and was set to the business with nobody to show me how to go to work, and without any tools. I wasn't brought up myself; I footed it up: and how should I know our Lizzy was getting beat out? She never said she was tired, and never said her back ached; and I was so drove from morning till night, that I did not notice how pale she was getting. I tell you what it is, Joe. A man has his day's work, and there's the end of it. He can go to beer shops

and gin shops, and sit and warm the inside of him every evening, and then lie down to sleep all night, and wake up strong and hearty. But his woman's work goes on, and she's up and down of nights, and she lays and thinks what's to feed them all next day, and her head isn't empty enough to sleep on."

"Wife," says father, "don't mention beer-shops and gin-shops in the room where that angel of ours lays asleep."

"You see, ma'am, he didn't mean anything by that. I hope you'll not take offense at father's calling a poor girl like me an angel."

"I thought, though, I ought not to let them believe I was asleep, and I tried to speak, but I couldn't, for the tears. Did you ever have a lovely dream, ma'am, and wake up and find it was a dream?"

"I suppose I may mention the places where my husband goes and spends his time, and wastes his money," says mother, a little short.

"My trouble's struck in, I tell you," says father. "And it's got in so deep that even the drop of drink can't reach it. I've done drinking, wife."

"Then have you took the pledge?" says mother.

"My pledge is laying there on that bed," says father. "I never drank to hurt me, nor to hurt you nor the young ones. I've always been a decent, sober, hard-working man."

"So you have," says mother. "And you're no heathen, either. You needn't call yourself names, Joe."

"Maybe you've forgot it," says father, slowly; "but I haven't, for I was brought up to know better; we pawned the Good Book out of our house, and that's why I said we were heathens."

"I rose right up when I heard that. For I remembered what a big book it was, and how much reading it had in it."

"Why, Lizzy, have you woke up?" says mother. "There, lie down and go to sleep again. It's nigh upon ten o'clock."

"But you were talking about a book," I said.

"Yes, yes; we pawned it after father's hurt to his leg, when he couldn't go to his work; dear me, I'd forgot all about it. I've got the ticket now."

"Please God we'll have it back again," says father, "and Lizzy there shall read to us out of it, every night."

"Then they blew out the candle, and I lay and thought about my pretty lady in my dream, and the room seemed almost light. And the

next thing I knew it was morning, and everybody was getting up.

"That night when father came home, he brought the man with him that gave him my plant. The man kept his hat on, and when he looked at me, he said, 'Halloo!' and no more.

"Then father reached him the flower-pot, and when he saw that, he took it in one hand, and held it off as far as he could, and burst out a laughing; and he laughed so hard that he fell back into a chair, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He kept trying to say something, but every time he tried, he laughed harder than ever. Father looked bewildered at first, but then he began to laugh too, and then mother and all the rest of us set in, till we made the room shake. O, how tired I was; but I couldn't stop.

"At last he got out what he had to say, and it was just this, and no more:—

"'Why, it's nothing but a marigold,' and then he went off again.

"At last he sobered down, and says he, 'If I don't pitch into Bob Higgins, my name isn't Hicks. He told me it was such a rare and costly plant, with such a high and mighty name of its own, that I thought your lass there was sure to win the prize. Never mind, my girl; we'll do better by you next year, and now let me tell you how to manage this plant. You've let it run up too tall, and it looks like a sickly girl that's got no life in her. When this blossom falls off, pinch it here, so; and pinch it there, so, and it will throw out more leaves, and bear more flowers in the end; and if it don't get prizes, it will help pass away the time, won't it?'

"I said 'O yes,' and thanked him, and he went away; and I was holding the flower-pot while father showed him out, and one of the children brought me a little stick, and said I was to put it away down into the earth, and tie my plant to it, because it kept falling over, and looking as if it would faint away. It was the stick father had been working at the night before, and it wouldn't go down into the earth; but when I pushed it hard, it broke short off.

"'There's a stone in the way,' says father, coming up to the bed, 'and you must dig it up.'

"And it's the truth I'm telling, and I wouldn't tell a lie for all the world; I dug up the stone, and it wasn't a stone; but it was something bright, and shiny, and yellow.

"And says I, 'O, my pretty lady did it! My pretty lady!' and then I turned faint-like, and father threw water in my face, and mother fanned me with her apron; and when that didn't bring

me to, they slapped my hands hard. The children thought they slapped me because I was naughty, and they came and stared at me; glad some, and sorry some.

"At last I got over it.

"So somebody had loved my poor little flower, and thought it was pretty, and told it so as well as she could. And my flower had come and told me, and I don't know which of us was the gladdest.

"And I told my dream to father and mother, and the children, and father said I had seen a vision, and that it was no man or woman who had sent it to me.

"After I had done telling them all about it, and every one had handled my yellow thing, and at last given it to me to hold, I felt as if there must be Somebody else to tell how happy I was, or I should burst. Did you ever feel so, ma'am?

"Whenever I woke up in the night, I felt under the pillow to see if it was safe; and then I wanted to show it once more, but it was all dark and still, and I couldn't think who the Somebody was.

"The next day was Sunday, and father dressed himself in his clean clothes; and after dinner, made mother put on hers, and the children's, and says he, — 'Now, Lizzy shall read to us all;' and he whipped out a book from under his coat, and it was the pawned book come home again. There was a mark in it, and he said, — 'Read there, Lizzy. My old mother read there, every Sunday.'

"And I read the twenty-third Psalm; father holding the book, it was so heavy.

"It sounded beautiful.

"'Father,' says I, 'who wrote the Bible?'

"'I don't know,' says he; 'I suppose God did.'

"'Mr. John Bunyan wrote my "Pilgrim's Progress,"' says I. 'It says so on the first page. Maybe he wrote the Bible, too. I don't much believe God did.'

"'Why not?' says father.

"'Why, God wouldn't say "The Lord is my Shepherd." I should think that it was a man said that. Or else some poor, sick girl.'

"I looked at the Psalm again, and it said, over the top, — 'A Psalm of David.'

"I read it out loud.

"'Who was David, father?'

"'He was a — he was a — well, it's all mixed up in my head together; he was a man that got into a den of lions, or else he was a man that didn't; I don't quite remember,' says he.

"'Maybe it will tell, somewhere in the Bible,' says I. 'Do shepherds love their sheep, father?'"

"'Of course they do. Folks always loves the things they take care of.'"

"'Does God?'"

"'Well, now, the questions you put upon one, child. I oughter be a parson, to answer the half of 'em.'"

"He was going to put the Bible away, but I had just caught sight of a verse, and read these words, — 'God so loved the world, that He gave' — I hadn't time to see what He gave, but I knew it was something out of the common. 'O, father, just let me see what it was God gave because He loved us so.'"

"'Loved the world, you mean.'"

"'Isn't that us?'"

"'How *should* He love us, I want to know?' says father, quite put out like. 'Though, to be sure, He may love you, poor child. I dare say He does.'"

"'Then, would He like me to show It to Him?' says I.

"'Father didn't hear me, I suppose, for he got up and went out.

"'And I said to myself, 'I know now who the Somebody was that I wanted to show It to.'"

"'And I held It out on my hand, where He could see It plain; and I said, softly, — 'Please! This is mine! Are you glad?'"

"'And I thought I heard Him say, — 'Yes, I am.'"

"'But when I asked mother if she heard anything, she said she didn't.

"'And then I thought it wasn't likely He'd say anything to a poor girl, like me.

"'But the room seemed brimful of Him.

"'O, I did wish the Bible wasn't so big and heavy, so that I could hold it myself, and read it all day long!

"'Did you say, ma'am, that I should have a little Bible that wasn't big and heavy? Two Bibles in one house? That wouldn't be right. Perhaps father will give his to Mrs. Jones, and get good friends with her again.

"'In the evening father said he was going to the preaching, and mother must put the children to bed, and go too. She never said a word about her old bonnet and shawl, but put them all to bed, except the baby, and took him with her.

"'I was wide awake when they got home, and father told me a little about the preaching. He said it was all about Jesus, who loved poor folks so, that He came down from heaven, and lived right in amongst 'em; and that they loved Him

so, that they would hardly give Him time to eat, but went everywhere He went; and He fed the hungry ones, and cured the sick ones, and was just like their Brother; and if they did bad things, He forgave them four hundred and ninety times!

"'Then, father, you'll forgive Mrs. Jones just one time, won't you?' says I.

"'I will, to please you,' says he.

"'Tell her about the hymns,' says mother.

"'I can't,' says father. 'Next Sunday night, as I'm a living man, I'll wrap her up in your shawl, and take her to hear for herself. It'll be next best to getting to heaven.'"

"'Then your back'll be broke next,' says mother. 'Ain't it enough that you have to go two miles out of your way every time you go for her beef-tea and things? Must you go and kill yourself a Sundays?'"

"'I didn't say a word.

"'I'd got so used to having things happen to me, that if two angels had come in and said, — 'You can't go on a pilgrimage, and so we've come to carry you,' I shouldn't have been surprised. So I held It tight in my hand, and went fast asleep.

"'When Sunday came round, father began again about the preaching. If I'd a-known how far off it was, I never would have let him carry me. It's a wonder it didn't kill him.

"'How good the air felt, blowing in my face, when we got out into the street! And when I looked up into the dark night, all the stars looked down at me, and I thought they winked, and whispered to each other, and said, —

"'See that poor girl going to the preaching. When she was well, she hadn't time to go; but now she's nothing else to do. She couldn't go when the bones was in her legs; and now they're gone, she can. And she's got It in her hand!'"

"'When we first got into that grand place, I was scared, and thought they would drive us poor folks out. But when I looked round, most everybody was poor, too.

"'At last, I saw some of them get down on their knees, and some shut their eyes, and some took off their hats and held them over their faces. Father couldn't, because he had me in his arms; and so I took it off, and held it for him.

"'What's it for?' says I.

"'Hush!' says father, 'the parson's praying.'

"'When I showed It to God, the room seemed full of Him. But then it's a small room. The church is a million and a billion times as big, isn't it, ma'am? But when the minister prayed, that

big church seemed just as full as it could hold. Then, all of a sudden, they burst out a singing. Father showed me the card, with the large letters on it, and says he, — 'Sing, Lizzy, sing.'

"And so I did. It was the first time in my life. The hymn said, —

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,'

and I whispered to father, — 'Is Jesus God?'

" 'Yes, yes,' says he. 'Sing, Lizzy, sing.'

"But I couldn't.

"The hymn made me forget all about my picture of the country, and my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and It, and set me upon thinking that my father and mother had got a hunchback for their oldest child, that had lost the bones out of her legs, and got 'em a-growing out in a lump between her shoulders; and how it broke father's heart, and



how it made mother work so hard; and I pitied them so, and I pitied myself so, and the people sang out strong and hearty, —

'Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!'

but I could only whisper it out, and maybe God didn't hear it, the rest sang so loud.

"You say you are sure He did? Then I am sure a lady like you ought to know, and so I'll think so, too.

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"After the praying and the singing, came the preaching. I heard every word. And you did, too, ma'am, so I needn't tell about that. You say you want to hear how much I remember? O, I remember it all! It was a beautiful story. It told how sorry Jesus was for us when we did wrong, bad things, and how glad He was when we were good and happy. It said we must tell Him all our troubles and all our joys, and feel sure that He knew just how to pity us, because

He had been a poor man three and thirty years, on purpose to see how it seemed.

"And it said we might go and tell him everything. I was so glad then that I had showed It to Him!

"And when it was time to go home, and I was beginning to feel awful about poor father's carrying me all that long, long way, you came and spoke to us, ma'am, and said you would take us in your carriage! To think of your letting a girl, with such a looking back, get into your carriage like a lady!

"But it has always been so! Something happening always!

"I was so tired after mother put me to bed that night, that I couldn't get to sleep for a good while. So I lay, and said over all the hymns, and all the prayers, and all the preaching. I did not know what prayers were, before. But I know now that it's saying things to God. And I thought I would say something to Him; and I said,— 'Please, did You see me sitting alongside of a real lady in a carriage, with It in my hand? Did You hear her say she would often take me to hear the preaching? And, O, please, have You looked at my back, and felt sorry for father and mother, that they've got such a child?'

"My praying did not sound like the minister's praying; but then a poor girl ought not to set herself up to talk to God like a parson.

"And now you say, ma'am, that you had a little Lizzy once, that lives in heaven now, and that you love all sick Lizzies, for her sake? And that you are going to give me some of her books, and all the nourishing food she would eat, if she lived down here! Then father won't have to go two miles for my beef-tea, and I shall grow stronger; and maybe the bones in my two legs will come back again (though the doctor does say it's not my legs), and I can get so as to help mother once more.

"But I hope there won't anything else happen to me, for my head is quite turned now, and I can't think what makes me have such good times, when there are so many other people lying sick and sorrowful, and wishing the days and the nights wasn't so long. I'm sorry I've made you

cry, ma'am, off and on; and I suppose it's because my name it is Lizzy, and I'll be more careful next time; and, please ma'am, don't give me all the things you said you would, but find some other poor girl, that hasn't got any 'Pilgrim's Progress,' nor any pictures, and that never saw two folks a-crying over her marigold, and giving It to her, and that never heard any singing, and praying, and preaching, and that nobody ever told she might dare to tell things to God. Father says there's plenty of them, up and down, lonesome, and tired, and hungry, and maybe it will keep you so busy looking after them, and speaking such sweet words as you've spoke to me, that the next thing you'll know, the time will all be slipped away, and you'll see the shining ones coming to take you where your little Lizzy is.

"Being a poor girl, and ignorant, I can't quite make it out how some folks gets to heaven one way, and some another. The way it tells, in my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is to go on a great long journey, till you come to a river; and when you've got across that, you're right at the door of the city, and all your troubles is over. But cripples, like me, can't go on a pilgrimage, and I spoke to God about that; says I,— 'Please, how is a girl like me to get there?' And it came into my mind,— 'Why, Lizzy, little babies, as die when they're babies, don't go on a pilgrimage, but they get to heaven all the same. Angels comes down and fetches them, maybe.'

"And maybe they fetches up the lame girls, or helps them along. I should like to have one show me the way, if he didn't mind; and another go behind me, and cover my back with his wings; and I'd go in on tiptoe, and sit away up against the wall, where nobody could see me; and I'd sing, softly, with the rest.

"You say you think they'll come for me, before long? Thank you, ma'am. But don't tell father. And if you ever come here and find I've gone, tell him, please, that I'll be sitting near the door, watching for him; he'll know me from all the rest, because they'll be walking about.

"And now I humbly ask your pardon for talking so much, ma'am, and won't speak another word."



THE FIVE BARLEY LOAVES.

THE blue lake ruffles in the wind,
And all the meadow's rustling grain,
And purpling shade, and golden gleam,
Sweep the green mount and scented plain.

The curling waves the light boats skim,
With sunlit sail, or splashing oar,
And, bounding, bear a mingled throng,
Whom Christ awaits along the shore.

Mothers, with pale babes clasped close,
And gleeful prattlers by their side;
Gray-bearded men, and winsome youth,
Cross on the flecked and hurrying tide.

"Hast thou the barley loaves, my son?"
This, while the keel grates on the sand,
A sweet-voiced matron, turning, asks,
Her rocking skiff come safe to land.

"The basket," laughed the brown limbed boy,
And lithely o'er the boat-side swung,
"Has sailed safe o'er Galilee,
With fishes twain the loaves among."

The Christ, who waits along the shore,
With healing touch and voice to bless,
Now leads where slant the sunny slopes,
And up the mount the thousands press.

Fair sight it was, when they were placed
Gay grouped along the green hill-side;
Like wind-blown flowers the children swayed
Mid the hushed throng spread far and wide.

Then, sweet and clear, above all sound
Of murmuring bee, or surging palm,

Rose Jesus' holy words of cheer,
And sin and care quaffed blessed balm.

So near the good Christ's fluttering robe
Sits little Jude, with the barley loaves,
That he can kiss the wafted hem,
When round the hill the warm breeze roves.

The Saviour's words at length are said,
The hungered souls have heavenly bread;
Nor wills the human brother love
With earthly bread they go unfed.

To blessed Andrew Jesus looks, —
"What food have we these hosts to cheer?"
And Andrew turns to little Jude,
Whose little basket nestles near.

"With quarter score of barley loaves,
And fishes twain, a lad is here."
Christ takes the five, and takes the twain,
And lo! two miracles appear.

The barley loaves of little Jude
Feed the five thousand on the hill;
The fishes, multiplied by Christ,
With fragments left, twelve baskets fill.

The hosts come winding down the mount,
Unmoor the light boats rocking near,
The blessed fragments bear away,
And o'er the blue lake homeward steer.

Through all the homes of Galilee,
Where rests the bread by Jesus wrought,
Faith knows no fear when famine threatens, —
Remembering Christ, his sweet forethought.

HOW TO CUT OUT LIKENESSES.

By the time a baby is six months old, he has probably had a photograph, or, at least, a tin-type taken of his wise face; frequently two very large hands may be discovered, quite unnecessary to the picture, but very necessary to the baby. From that time on, a gallery of pictures is gradually collected, and every house has its photograph-album, with its pictures of all the family relations, and perhaps copies in miniature of great

paintings. How common photographs are! and yet I, who am young enough to read juvenile magazines, remember easily when photographs first came into use, and in my very young days, I was not photographed at all, but daguerreotypes, when daguerreotypes were something new and wonderful.

But what came before daguerreotypes? There were miniatures on ivory for those who were

rich; but the only kind of picture which could be called at all common, was the *silhouette* or profile likeness, cut out of white and laid on black, or cut out of black and laid on white. I have a number of family portraits done in this way; portraits of my grandmother and aunts, portraits



of clerical gentlemen and judges,—all looking very black indeed. The artist who executed such pictures, stood up before one with a pair of scissors and a piece of paper, which he cut with great dexterity, turning and turning his shears, till he had turned every corner in the face, or

whole figure, if that were desired. Then it was the easiest thing in the world, if the nose seemed a little sharp, to round it off to a gentle pug.

I think that the French excelled in this; and nowadays one sometimes meets with a French silhouette artist who will scissor out your likeness in a twinkling; cut a cap, paste it on to your hand, and there you are, standing in a black broadcloth suit, with black boots, a black cap, and a black face to match. When it was the only common method of taking likenesses quickly, great pains were taken to perfect the process, and a machine was contrived for the purpose, which I reproduce here from a French book, only we can see very little of the instrument itself, which, however, is quite simple.

The chair in which the young girl sits, has a rest for the head very much like that which the photographers pinch our heads with, to keep them from moving. The frame so securely fastened to the chair, contains a sheet of clear glass, having upon the outside a piece of dry, oiled paper, tightly kept in place. Behind this stands the operator, who traces with his pencil on the oiled paper the shadow thrown against it. This then makes the pattern, and may be reduced by the usual means to whatever size is desired. But can any of my readers tell me how a small shadow could be obtained in the first instance?

It is quite possible for one to take likenesses of his friends without having a chair made on purpose. The main thing is to have a square of clear glass and good oiled paper. The paper needs to be taut over the glass, and the person whose likeness is taken, to be very still. If the glass could be set in a frame, and fixed firmly, so much the better; but I have obtained a tolerable likeness of my sister, by having her hold the glass while I traced the outline of her shadow. It is an amusing experiment to make, and one

ought to learn by it to notice the difference between two sides of the same face.

A Swiss minister, by name of Lavater, believed that it was possible to tell the character of men very accurately by means of the lines of the face; he carried his theory to great lengths, and classified people according to these lines of the face. He lived at a time when silhouettes were the common style of pictures, and he took a great deal of interest in them from the help which he fancied they were to his doctrines. Here, for instance, is a picture of a mother



reading to a child, and this is what Lavater said in it: "In the mother, calmness, capacity for endurance, a great sense of rectitude, the love of order. In the child, in the upper part of the face, delicacy of mind; in the lower part, candor." Pray, what do you think of the doll?

He said this also of the maiden sitting in the chair. "There is goodness with much refinement, clearness of ideas, and the gift of expressing them with facility; a very industrious mind, but one which is not governed by a very lively imagination, and not always scrupulously exact."

THE DRYAD:

A WONDER STORY OF THE TIME OF THE EXHIBITION IN PARIS, 1867.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

We are going to Paris to see the Exhibition. Now we are there! It was a journey performed without witchcraft—we went by steam,

in a ship, and on a country road. Our time is the time of wonder stories.

Now we are in the midst of Paris, in a large

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in a ship, and on a country road. Our time is the time of wonder stories.

Now we are in the midst of Paris, in a large

hotel. Flowers adorn the staircase, and soft carpets are spread over the steps. Our room is a pleasant one; the door to the balcony stands open, and we look out upon an open square. Down there lives Spring, who was driven to town in a wagon. He arrived at the same time with us; he came in the shape of a slender young chestnut-tree, with opening leaves. Look, how beautifully the tree is dressed in spring's elegant robe, finer than all the other trees on the square; one of them, I see, has just stepped out of the row of living trees, and there it lies with its roots torn up and thrown mercilessly upon the ground; here where this tree stood will the chestnut-tree be planted, and there it will grow.

As yet, the chestnut-tree stands erect upon the heavy cart which brought it here this very morning from the country, a distance of a good many miles. There it grew, and lived its young life close to an old oak. To this old oak was the pious old pastor wont to come and sit under its shading branches, and tell over and over again his stories to the listening children. The young chestnut-tree was, of course, among the listeners.

The Dryad within this tree was then yet a child; she could remember so far back, when the chestnut-tree was so small that it scarcely could peep over the grass-blades and other small plants. These were then as large as they ever would be, but the tree grew and became bigger every year, drinking air, and sunshine, and dew, and rain. Many times was it shaken and bent hither and thither by the powerful winds. This was a part of its education.

The Dryad was pleased with her life, and the company of the sunshine, and the songs of birds; yet the human voice she liked best, for she knew the language of men as well as that of the animals, butterflies, cock-chafers, and bumble-bees. Everything that could fly or creep paid her a visit, and every one of them that came would gossip. They talked about the farms, the village, the woods, the old castle, with its park: in that were dikes and canals, and down in their waters dwelled also living beings, that could fly, in their own way, under water from place to place, beings with a will and with skill, but they never said anything: they were too wise. The swallow, which had dived down into the water, told her of the pretty gold-fishes,—the fat bream, the sturdy perch, and the old moss-grown crucian. The swallow gave a very fair description, but it is always much better to go and look for one's self.

But how could the Dryad ever be able to see all these things with her own eyes? She had to

be satisfied with her view of the beautiful landscape, and to listen to the buzz of human industry as it passed by her. Charming as all this was, there was something better; and that was when the old pastor told of France there under that oak-tree, and of the great deeds done by men and women whose names are remembered through all time with admiration. The Dryad thus heard of the shepherdess Joan of Arc, of Charlotte Corday; she heard of times much farther back, and of Henry the Fourth and Napoleon I., yes, she even heard of the ability and greatness of our own time; she heard of names, every one of which resounded deep in the heart of the people. France is the world's country, the world's gathering-place of genius, with the Crater of Liberty in its midst.

The village children listened attentively, the Dryad not less so; she was a schoolmate of them all. In the shapes of the sailing clouds, she would see picture after picture of those things that she had heard about.

The cloud-heaven was her picture-book. She thought she was very happy in this beautiful France, yet she began to think that the birds and everything that could fly were much more favored by fate than she was. Even a fly could look far beyond our Dryad's horizon. Beautiful France was so extensive, yet she could only see a very small portion of it. World-wide was the extent of her lands, with their meadows, forests, and cities, and of the last, Paris was the most glorious, the mightiest! Thither the birds could fly, but not she.

There was then among the village children a little girl. She was very ragged and poor, but very fair to look upon for all that. And she was always singing and laughing, and she tied red flowers in her black hair.

"Don't go to Paris," said the good old pastor; "poor child, if you do go there, it will be your ruin!"

And yet she went. The Dryad thought very often of her; they both had the same longing and desire to see the great city.

Spring came, and summer came, autumn and winter passed by, and thus a few years went. The Dryad's tree produced its first chestnut blossoms, the birds were chirping and chatting about them in the brilliant sunlight.

Once it so happened that a grand carriage, with a noble lady in it, came driving that way: she herself drove the beautiful and fiery horses. A little footman in livery sat behind. The Dryad recognized her; the old pastor recognized her:

he shook his head and said mournfully, — "Thou didst go there : it proved thy ruin, poor Mary !"

"She poor !" thought the Dryad ; "it cannot be ! What a change ! She is dressed like a duchess : that's what she came to in the city of enchantment. O if I could only get there and live in all that splendor and magnificence ! the light and glory of that city reaches even up to the skies — just above there where I know the city stands." And in that direction would the Dryad look every evening, all night. There she saw the brilliant streak of light along the horizon. In the bright and clear moonlight night she missed it very much, and missed the sailing clouds that pictured to her the great city and its history.

Children take to their picture-books. The Dryad took to her cloud-book — that was her book of thoughts. The balmy, cloudless sky was to her a blank leaf, and at this time she had not seen such a one for several days ; it was summer time, with hot, sultry days, without a cooling breeze ; every flower, every leaf was drooping, and men hung their heads. The clouds drew together and were lifted up, as it happened, at that corner where the night announced, with a brilliant sheen, "Here is Paris."

The clouds rolled up and above each other, forming themselves into mountains ; they made their way through the air and spread themselves over the whole landscape as far as the Dryad could see. They were heaped in mighty blue-black boulders, layer above layer, rising high in the air, and then flashes of light came flying out from them. "These are also God our master's servants," had the old pastor said. And forth came a great blue, brilliant light, a blaze of lightning, that tried to look like the sun himself ; it shattered the boulders.

The lightning had struck down — struck the mighty old oak-tree, splitting it to the very roots, — shattered the crown, parted its stem. The old tree fell down : it fell as if spreading itself to receive the messenger of light. Not even the biggest gun could so roar through the air and over the land at the birth of a king's child, as the thunder did there at the decease of the old oak-tree, the king of the forest. Now the rain poured down, a refreshing breeze sprang up, the storm had passed, a sacred calm rested upon the country. The village people came gathering around the old oak, the venerable pastor spoke a few words in its praise, a painter drew a sketch of the old tree for a memento.

"Everything goes away," said the Dryad, "goes away, as the clouds go, never to return."

Never again came the pastor there. The roof of the school-house had fallen, the pulpit was broken. The children came no more, but autumn came, and winter came, and then also spring. During the whole of this time were the Dryad's eyes directed towards that spot where, every evening and night, far away on the horizon, Paris shone like a radiant belt. Out of Paris leaped locomotive after locomotive, one train after another, whistling and thundering, and that at all times. At all times of the day, in the evening, at midnight, did trains arrive, and out of these and into them did people from all the lands of the world crowd. A new wonder of the world had called them to Paris. How did this wonder exhibit itself?

"A gorgeous flower of art and industry," they said, "has sprung up from the barren sands of the Champ de Mars. It is a giant sunflower, out of the leaves of which one can study geography, statistics, general information ; become inspired by art and poetry, learn the greatness and products of every country." "A marvelous flower it is," said others ; "a large lotus-plant, that spreads its green leaves, shot up in early spring, as widely as a threshing-floor. Summer will see it in all its glory, and the autumn storms will blow it away, that neither leaves nor roots will remain. In front of the military school stretches the arena of war in time of peace — a field without grass or flower, a piece of the desert cut out from a wilderness in Africa, where Fata Morgana shows her mysterious air castles and suspended gardens. There, upon the Champ de Mars, were they still more brilliant, more strange, than as visions only." "The palace of the modern Aladdin is erected," said others. "Day after day, hour after hour, does it unfold more and more of its new splendor."

The boundless halls shine in marble and colors. The giant with no blood in his veins, moves his steel and iron limbs here in that great outer circle.* Works of art, in metal and stone, loudly proclaim the powerful life of the mind that labors in all the lands of the world. Here is picture-gallery and flower-show ; and everything that hand and mind can create in the workshops of the mechanic is here placed on exhibition. Even old castles and pest-bogs have contributed their relics of antiquity. The overpowering, gorgeous show must be pictured in miniature and squeezed into the compass of a toy before we can comprehend and see it in its entirety.

* The machinery at the Exhibition was placed in the outer circle, and was kept in operation. — Ed.

Upon the Champ de Mars stood, as upon a big Christmas table, Aladdin's castles of art and industry; around these castles were placed toys from every country, toys of grandeur; every nation found a memento of its home.

Here was the palace of the Egyptian king; there, a caravanserai from the desert. The Bedouin rode past: he came from the land of the sun; and here was a Russian stable, with beautiful, fiery horses, brought from the plains. There stood the small, straw-thatched Danish peasant-house, with its Danebrog's flag, neighbor to Gustavus Vasa's neat wooden cottage from Dalarne. American block-houses, English cottages, French pavilions, kiosks, churches, and theatres, were all spread about in a wonderful manner. And then, in the middle of all this, there was the green turf, there was clear running water, there were flowering shrubs, rare trees, glass houses where one might imagine one's self to be in a tropic forest. Complete rose-gardens, brought here from Damascus, bloomed in their glory under glass roofs. What colors, what fragrance! Stalactite caverns, artificially made, containing in fresh and salt water ponds specimens of various fishes; it was like standing on the shore of the ocean, among fishes, and reptiles, and polyps.

So they talked, and said that all these things were now exhibited on the Champ de Mars, and that all over this festive board crawled an immense crowd of human beings, like a swarm of ants on a journey; they either went on foot or were drawn in little wagons. Not every man's legs can stand the fatigues of such endless wandering.

From the earliest rays of dawn till late at night they are wandering to that field. Steamer after steamer, crowded full with men, glides down the river Seine. The crowd of carriages increases continually, the multitude of people on foot and on horseback increases, all public conveyances are crammed, are stuffed, are fringed over with human beings; and all these various streams move towards one goal — the Paris Exhibition.

Every entrance is decorated with a French flag, and all around the walls of the great bazaar for all countries float the flags of the different nations. A burring and a buzzing continually sounds from the hall of machines; down from the towers comes the ring of chimes; organs sound their voices in the churches, mingled with the hoarse and nasal strains from the Oriental coffee-houses. It is all a Babel empire, a Babel language, a world's wonder.

I assure you that all this was really so; at

least so the story goes, and who has not heard of it? The Dryad knew it all, she knew all that has here been said of the wonder of the world in the great city of cities. "Hurry, all ye birds, fly thither and see, and then come back and tell me all about it," was the Dryad's prayer.

The longing grew till it became a wish, and that grew to be the thought of her life, and then —

The full moon was shining on that silent, solemn night, and from her dial there came forth (this the Dryad saw) a spark, bright, like a falling star, and it fell at the foot of the tree, whose branches began to shiver as if shaken by a gust of wind, and then there stood a shining being. It spoke with a voice as clear and loud as a doomsday's trumpet, which kisses to life and calls to judgment. "Thou shalt become free to go to the city of enchantments; thou shalt there take root, get acquainted with the buzzing streams, the air, and the sunshine there, but thy life-time will be shortened; the long row of years that were awaiting thee here in God's open fields will shrink to a small sum. Poor Dryad, it will be thy ruin. Thy longing will grow, thy desire, thy craving become louder, the tree itself will become a prison to thee. Thou wilt leave thy shelter, cast off thy nature; thou wilt fly out and mix with men, and then thy years will shrivel into the half of a day-fly's lifetime, to one night only. The light of thy life will be blown out, the tree will pine away, the leaves will wither, never to return."

Thus rang the words, thus sang the voice, and the shining being disappeared, but not the Dryad's longing and desire; she trembled in expectation, in a violent fever of anticipated enjoyment. With exultation she exclaimed, —

"Life is going to commence, floating, like the clouds, whither no one knows." At early dawn, when the moon grew pale and the skies red, came the time of fulfillment; the words of promise were to be verified. There came people armed with spades and pickaxes; they dug clear around the roots of the tree, they dug down right under them; then there came a cart drawn by two horses, and they lifted the tree with its roots and the earth they clung to out of the ground, and wound mats around them, making a warm foot-bag, and then they put the tree upon the cart and tied it securely, because it was now to go on a journey to Paris, and it was to stay there and grow in the great city of France, in the city of cities.

The branches and leaves of the chestnut-tree shook and trembled when they commenced digging. The Dryad trembled, but with the rapture of expectation.

"Forward, forward!" sounded every pulse beat. "Forward, forward!" rang the trembling words of desire. The Dryad forgot, in her happiness, to take leave of her homestead's surroundings, of the swaying grass-blades and the innocent daisies that had looked up to her as to a great lady in our Father's garden, a young princess that played shepherdess here in the country.

At last the chestnut-tree was upon the cart, nodding with its branches "farewell," or "forward." The Dryad knew it not; she only thought of and dreamed about the new unknown, and yet well-known, which should now unfold itself. No guileless heart of an innocent child was ever more filled with thought, than she was on her journey to Paris.

No farewell, but always, "Forward, forward!" The cart-wheels turned ceaselessly round and round, the far away grew into near by, and then was left behind. The country changed, as her clouds changed. New fields, woods, farms, villas, and gardens came in sight. The chestnut-tree moved on, the Dryad moved forwards with it. Locomotive after locomotive went dashing by her. The locomotives blew clouds that took shapes of beings, who spoke of Paris, the place they came from, whither the Dryad was going.

As a matter of course, everything around her knew what way she was going. She was aware that every tree that she passed stretched out its branches toward her and begged, "Take me along with you: take me also." There lives in every tree a longing Dryad.

What wonderful changes! It seemed as if the houses came springing right out of the ground, more and more, closer and closer. Chimney-pots came up, as if so many flower-pots had been placed behind one another and alongside each other upon the housetops. Large inscriptions, with letters a yard long, had the sorceress painted upon the walls; they reached to the roof and glittered brightly.

"Where does Paris begin, and when will I come to it?" thought the Dryad. Soon the crowd of people increased, the tumult and noise grew louder. Carriage followed carriage, people went on foot and rode on horseback, and on each side of her were shops, and all about sounded music, song, talking, and screeching.

Now the Dryad, in her tree, had arrived in the middle of Paris.

The heavy cart stopped in an open place where some trees were planted; all around were high houses; every window had a balcony of its own, from which people looked down upon that

young, fresh chestnut-tree which came driving in a cart; it was destined to be planted there in the place of a dying, uprooted tree that lay outstretched upon the ground. People that came passing by stopped awhile, smiling upon that fresh, green piece of early spring. The older trees, whose leaves were yet scarcely budding, nodded their welcome to her with rustling branches: "Welcome, welcome!" said they; and the fountain which played with its water in the air, that fell prattling down again into the wide basin, permitted the wind to carry a few drops to the newly arrived tree, offering her a welcome drink.

Then the Dryad perceived how its tree was taken down from the cart and put in its place of destination. After that the roots were carefully covered with earth, and covered with fresh green sward. Shrubs were also planted, and earthen pots dug down with flowers in them.

And thus quite a nice garden appeared in the centre of the square. The uprooted and dying tree, filled with bad-smelling gas and drainage air, and all the rest of the plant-torturing air of the city, was thrown upon a cart and carried away. The crowd looked on, children and old people sat about in the green, looking through the fresh leaves. And we, that talk all about this, stood on the balcony, looking down upon the young tree just arrived from the fresh country air, and said what the old pastor would have said, had he been there, "Poor Dryad!"

"Happy am I, and thrice happy," said the Dryad; "and yet I cannot quite comprehend it. I cannot speak what I feel; it seems all to be as I imagined it, and yet it is not quite what I thought it would be."

The houses were so high, so near. The sun only shone upon one wall, and that was covered with handbills and placards, around which the people would crowd and throng. Carriages drove by, big and small, light and heavy; omnibuses, like moving houses, filled to overflowing, came rattling by. Drays and gigs insisted upon having the same right.

"But will not," thought the Dryad,—"will not these overgrown houses that stand so oppressively near, also take themselves off and make room for other shapes and forms, as the clouds of heaven do? Why don't they slip aside, that I may get a glimpse into Paris, and far beyond Paris?" She wanted to see Notre Dame, the Vendôme Column, and the many works of wonder, that had called and were calling so many people there. But the houses would not move from their places. The lanterns were lit when it

was yet quite daylight. Brilliant rays of gas came bursting forth from all the shop windows, and lighting up the trees and their branches, so that it almost looked like summer's sunlight. But the stars above looked exactly the same as the Dryad had seen them at home. She thought she felt a breeze, so pure and balmy. A feeling of new strength came over her, and she felt it communicated to the very tips of the leaves and roots. Now she knew that she was within the living world of men, looked upon with tender eyes; there were tumult, tones, colors, and light all around her.

Wind instruments sent their tones to her from the cross streets; hand-organs, with feet-stirring melodies, were indefatigable. Yes, to dance, to dance to pleasures and amusement did they invite. It was a music that might make men, horses, carriages, trees, and houses dance, if they only knew how. All this created an intoxicating desire for enjoyment in the Dryad's heart.

"What a blessed life I lead! how beautiful this all is!" exclaimed she in the highest glee; "I am in Paris."

The day that came, the night that followed, and then the next day, brought the same show, the same turmoil, the same life, changing, but always the same changes.

"By this time I really know every tree, every flower, on this place; I know every house, balcony, and shop here, where they have stuck me, in this little corner, in which I can see nothing of the great city. Where are the arches of triumph, the Boulevards, and that world's wonder? Nothing of all this am I able to see. I am imprisoned here among these high houses, which I know by heart, with their inscriptions, placards, handbills, and all the painted dainties, for which I have lost all appetite. Where is that of which I heard them speak, which I have known and longed for, and for which I wanted to come here? What have I got, what gained, what found? I long as I did before. I have a consciousness of a life I wish to lead. I want to be among the living and move with them; I want to fly like a bird, see and feel, and become like a human being; I would rather live but the half of a day, than spend a life of years in daily idleness, in which I sicken, sink, and fall, like a rush in a meadow. I want to sail along like the clouds, bathe in the sun of life, look down upon all below as the clouds do, and go away as they do, nobody knows whither."

This was the Dryad's sigh, going up in a prayer:—

"Take all my years of life; give me but the half of a day; set me free from my prison; grant me human life, human happiness, though it be but for a short time—for only this night, and punish me if thou wilt for my longing—for my inexpressible longing for life. Give me freedom, give me liberty, even if this dwelling of mine, this fresh and youthful tree, wither, be cut down, be converted into ashes, and blown about by the winds."

A rustling went through the branches of the tree; a strange sensation crept over it; the leaves shivered: it was as if sparks of fire were leaping forth from them; a gust of wind shook the crown of the tree; and then issued forth a being—the Dryad herself. Amazed, she found herself sitting beneath the green boughs, rich with leaves and lit up by a thousand gas flames from all around—sitting there, young and handsome as poor Mary, to whom it had been said,—
"Alas! the great city will be thy ruin."

The Dryad sat at the foot of the tree, at the door of her house, which she had locked and then had thrown the key away. So young, so handsome! The stars saw her, the stars were twinkling; the gas flames saw her, they were beaming, beckoning to her; how slender she was, and yet so strong; a child, and yet a young woman. Her dress was glossy like silk, green as the fresh leaves on the top of the tree. In her nut-brown hair stuck a half-opened flower of the chestnut-tree. She looked a very goddess of spring.

A moment there, and then she bounded off like a gazelle, off around the corner; she danced and skipped like the ray that is darted from a mirror, like the sunbeam thrown, now here, now there, according to the motion of the glass; and if one looked sharp, and was able to see what could be seen, he would have thought it marvelous. Whenever she rested awhile, the color of her dress and of her form was changed, according to the nature of the place where she stood and the lights that fell upon her.

She arrived on the Boulevards; there was a complete ocean of light from gas lamps, stores, and cafés. Here were rows of trees, young and slender, whose Dryads received their share of the artificial sunlight. The sidewalk seemed to be one large parlor, with tables containing all sorts of refreshments, from Champagne and Chartreux down to coffee and beer; here too were exhibitions of flowers, statues, and pictures, and there were books, and many other interesting things.

From the steps of the high houses she looked

down upon the streams roaring along under the rows of trees. There was an ever-swelling and ebbing tide of rolling wagons, cabriolets, chariots, omnibuses, coaches, of men riding on horseback, and of marching regiments. Life and limb were in danger if any one attempted to cross to the other side. Now a blue light was shining brightest, then the gas lights were most brilliant, and suddenly a rocket went up—whence? whither?

This must be the great highway of the world's great city. Now she listened to some delightful Italian music. Now to Spanish songs, accompanied by castanets; but the melodies from Minuet's musical box drowned every other sound, that stirring Cancan music which Orpheus never knew and the beautiful Helen never heard. I think the very wheelbarrows would have danced on their one wheel had they known how. But the Dryad did dance; she whirled and soared, changing colors like a humming-bird in sunlight, for every house, with its interior, was reflected upon her.

As the glorious flower of the lotus, torn from its roots, is carried away by the river in its whirls, so was the Dryad rushed along, and when she stopped she changed into another form; therefore, nobody could follow, none recognize her. Everything passed by like cloud-pictures, face after face, of which she recognized none, and no familiar being of home appeared to her.

Before her mind came two beaming eyes: she thought at once of Mary, poor Mary! the handsome, gay child, with the red flowers in her black hair—was she not in the world's great city, rich and charming as she passed in the carriage the house of the pastor, the Dryad's own tree, and the old oak? Surely, she must be in this deafening uproar, perhaps had just alighted from that magnificent carriage waiting there. Brilliant carriages, with richly gallooned coachmen and servants, were drawn up in a row. The great folks alighting from them were all ladies—beautifully dressed ladies. They went through the open, trellised porch, ascended the broad and high steps that led into that imposing building with marble columns. Was this, perhaps, the great wonder of the world? And there Mary must surely be!

Sancta Maria! she heard singing there; clouds of frankincense were rolling forth from under the high arch, painted and gilt, where twilight reigned. It was the Church of the Madeleine.

Dressed all in black of the most costly material, made after the finest and latest fashion, the ladies of the aristocracy stepped over the polished

floor. Coats of arms blazed forth from the clasps of magnificent prayer-books, and were embroidered upon strongly perfumed handkerchiefs lined with costly Brussels lace. A few of the women bent kneeling in silent prayers before the high altar, others went to the confessor's box. The Dryad felt very uneasy, as if she ought not to be in this place. It was the house of silence, the great hall of mystery and secrecy. Everything was spoken in whispers and confided in soundless words.

The Dryad became aware that she also was wrapped up in a black silken veil, resembling the other noble ladies of the empire. Was every one of them a child of longing and desire like herself?

A deep sigh was heard through the silence—deep and fraught with pain; whence came it—from the confessional, or from the bosom of the Dryad? She drew the veil closer about her. The breath she drew was church incense, not the fresh and moist air. She felt that this was not the place she longed for.

"Forward, forward! without rest; the insect of a day's life has no rest: her flight is her life."

The Dryad was out again under the gas chandeliers and fountains.

"Not all the jets from the fountain can wash away the blood of the innocents slain here."

These words were spoken. Here she heard strangers speak very loud and lively, which nobody dared to do in the great hall of secrecy from which the Dryad had just come.

She saw a big stone slab being turned—why, she did not understand; but she went near and looked down an opening into the depth of the earth. Down the descent they went, leaving the starlit sky, the brilliant gas flames, and all the living life.

"I am afraid! I dare not go down. I care little to see all the wonders there; stay here with me!"

"And go home?" said a man; "leave Paris without having seen the most remarkable thing, the wonder-work of modern times?" she heard voices say.

The Dryad heard and understood it. Now the goal of her greatest longing was reached at last, and here was the entrance, down to the deep, down, under Paris. This she could never have thought, but she saw it, and saw the strangers descend, and she followed.

The steps were made of cast iron, spiral-shaped, broad, and comfortable; a lamp gave a

dim light, and deeper down another. She found herself in a labyrinth of endless halls and vaults, crossing each other. All the streets and lanes of Paris were clearly seen there, as if reflected in a looking-glass. One could read the names of them, and every house above had here its number, its root, that shot down under the lonely macadamized sidewalk, and was squeezing its course along a wide canal with its onward rolling drainage. Above this was the aqueduct of the fresh and running water, and again, above this, hung, like a net-work, gas pipes and telegraph wires. Further on shone lamps, as if they were refracted images from the world's city above. Now and then a rumbling noise was heard overhead; it came from the heavy wagons that drove over the bridges of descent.

Where was the Dryad?

You have heard of the catacombs: they are nothing compared to this world under ground, this wonder of our times, the Cloacas of Paris. There was the Dryad, and not in the World's Exhibition on the Champ de Mars.

Exclamations of astonishment, admiration, approbation were heard all around.

"Out of the deep here," they said, "grows now health and long life for thousands above. Our time is the time of progress with all its blessings."

This was the opinion of men, men's talk, but not that of the scavengers that built, lived, and fed here—the rats; they piped from cracks in a piece of an old stone wall so distinctly as to be understood by the Dryad. A tall and old tail-bitten rat piped in a shrill voice his misgivings, his afflictions, and the only idea his mind held; and his whole family approved of every word he said.

"I am deeply oppressed by the mian, the human mian, of intolerable ignorance. No doubt everything is very fine now, with gas and petroleum; I do not eat such things. It has become so clean here now, and so light, that one sits and is ashamed, and don't know what one is ashamed of. I wish we lived in the good old times of the goblins; they are not so far back, those times,—those romantic times as they are called."

"What are you talking about?" asked the Dryad; "I have never seen you before. What are you speaking of?"

"Of the glorious old days!" said the rat; "great-grandfather and great-grandmother rat's time of youth. In those times it was a great undertaking to come down here. That was the time for rats all over Paris! Pestmother used to dwell down here then: she killed men, but never

rats. Robbers and smugglers hatched their plans here unmolested. Then this was the asylum for the most interesting characters I ever saw, personages that one only sees now upon the melodramatic stages. The romantic time has passed away, even with us rats; we have got fresh air—and petroleum."

In this strain did the rats pipe,—piped over the new times, piped in honor of the good old time with its pestmother.

By this time they came to a carriage, a sort of omnibus, drawn by two ponies. The company entered and drove along the Boulevard Sebastopol—that is, upon the one underground; right above in Paris was the well known Boulevard, always overflowing with human beings.

The wagon disappeared in the twilight; the Dryad disappeared also, but came to light again under the glare of the gas flames in the open air. Here was the wonder to be found, and not in the crossing and recrossing vaults and their damp atmosphere; here she found the world's wonder which she had looked for during her short life-time. There it was, bursting forth in far richer glory than all the gas lights above, much stronger than the moon, which was silently gliding along.

And she saw it greeting her, winking and twinkling, like Venus in the vault of heaven.

She observed a brilliant porch opening into a garden, filled with light and dance music. She saw artificial lakes and ponds, surrounded by water-plants artistically made of tinsel, bent and painted; they threw water-jets up in the air from their chalices, that sparkled like diamonds in the brilliant light. Graceful weeping willows—real, spring-clad, weeping willows—let their fresh green branches, like a transparent veil, hang in curving waves. A burning bowl among the shrubbery threw its red light over half-lit love bowers, through which magic tones of music rushed thrilling the ears, fooling and alluring and chasing the blood through the limbs of human beings.

Young women did she see, beautiful, and in evening dress, with confiding smiles on their lips, and with the carelessness of youth and laughing mirth. A "Mary," with roses in her hair, but without carriage or footman. How they rolled and swung in that wild dance! what was up, and what was down? They jumped, they laughed and smiled, as if bitten by a tarantula; they looked so happy, so gay, as if ready to embrace the whole world out of pure enjoyment.

The Dryad felt herself irresistibly drawn into the dance. Her small, delicate foot was encased in

a silken shoe, chestnut-brown, like the ribbon that came fluttering from her hair, down upon her uncovered shoulders. The green skirt enveloped her in large folds, but did not hide the beautifully shaped legs and her pretty feet, that seemed intent upon describing the magic circle in the air, in front of her dancing cavalier's head. Was she in Armida's enchanted garden? What was the name of this palace? In blazing jets the gas flames outside said, — *Mabille*.

With shouts, clapping of hands, rockets, running water, together with popping of champagne bottles, the dance was bacchanalian; and then, above all this, in the serene sky, sailed the moon, a shining ship in the shape of a face. The sky was clear and pure, without a cloud, and one thought of looking right into heaven from *Mabille*.

A consuming, intoxicating sensation seized the Dryad, like the effect from opium. Her eyes talked, her lips spoke, but her words were not heard, drowned by the tones of flute and violin. Her cavalier whispered words in her ears, that rolled on with the time of the cancan; she understood them not, we do not understand them. He stretched his arms out towards her, around her, — and embraced only the transparent, gas-filled air. The Dryad was carried away by the wind, as he carries a rose-leaf; and when high in the air she saw a flame right ahead, a brilliant light, at the top of a tower. This light now surely came from the goal of her longing, shining from the red fire-tower upon the "*Fata Morgana*," of the Champ de Mars, and thither was she carried by the spring breeze. She whirled several times around that tower; the workmen thought it was a butterfly that came fluttering down to die, having left its chrysalis too early in spring.

The moon was shining, and so were the gas-lights and the lanterns in the large halls of the outspread buildings; they were shining upon the grass-covered hills, and upon the rocks put there by human skill, where waterfalls were precipitated by "*Bloodless's*" power. The depth of the ocean, and the fresh-water rivers, the empire of the fishes, were laid open here. One imagined oneself to be down at the bottom of the deep, — down in the ocean, in a diving-bell. The water pressed hard toward the thick glass walls. Polyps, fathom-long, flexible, eel-like, quivering, living thorns, whose arms took hold, swaying up and down, grown fast to the bottom of the sea.

A large flounder was lying close by in deep

thought, spreading himself with great comfort. A crab was crawling over him, like a hideous monster-head; but the shrimps moved about swiftly and restlessly, as if they were ocean's moths and butterflies.

In the fresh water aquaria grew many beautiful plants; gold fishes had arranged themselves in rows, like red cows on a pasture; they all poked their heads in one direction, for the purpose of getting the flow of the stream in their mouth. The thick and fat tenches were staring with their dull eyes at the glass walls; they knew they were in the Paris Exhibition; they knew they had made a fatiguing journey in vessels filled with water; that they had been on a railroad, had become land-sick, as men become sea-sick upon the ocean. They had also come to see the Exhibition, and they saw it from their own salt or fresh water, and looked upon the swarms of men, that passed by all day long, from morning to night. All the lands of the world had sent their human specimens there, in order that the old bream, the strong perch, and the moss-grown carps, might see these creatures, and give their opinion about these different tribes.

"Man is a scale-fish," said a small fish, "and changes his scales two or three times a day; they give mouth sounds, — speak, they call it. We do not change, and we make ourselves understood in a much easier way, by the motions of the corners of our mouths, and a stare with our eyes. We have many advantages over men."

"Yet they have learned how to swim," said a fresh-water fish. "I hail from the great inland lake, and there men go into the water during the hot summer days; but before they do this, they strip off their scales, and then they swim. The frogs have taught them to do that; the hind-legs push and the fore-legs row; but they cannot stand it long. They think they can resemble us, poor things; but it wouldn't do."

And the fishes stared; they imagined that the same crowd of people that they had seen come in at daylight, was still there; they really thought that those shapes were the same that beat upon their nerves of observation from the very first day.

A small perch, with a pretty tiger-skin, and an enviable round back, said he was assured that the mother of men was there; he had seen her.

"I have seen her also, and that very plainly," said a gold-colored tench. "She was a beautiful, well-shaped human being; she had our mouth-corners and staring eyes, two balloons in the back, a down hanging umbrella in front, a breath-

ing curtain, and dingle dangle. I think, verily, she ought to throw off all that stuff, and go as we do, according to Nature's command; and then she would look like an honorable tench, that is, so far as man can be like us.*

"What has become of him — that laced one — the he-man?" they asked.

"He drove about in a chair, he sat there with paper, ink, and pen in his hands, and wrote everything down. What was he about? They called him a journalist."

"Look! there he is, driving yet," said a moss-grown old maid crucian, with a bit of the world's temptation sticking in her throat, so that she was quite hoarse. She once swallowed a fish-hook, and since that she is swimming about in humility, with the hook in her throat.

"Journalist!" said she: "that is said like a fish, and, properly understood, it's a sort of cuttle-fish among men."

And thus the fishes went on talking in their own way. But within this artificial and water-filled cove, sounded yet the blows of hammers and the songs of artisans; they had to make use of the night, in order to get everything ready soon. These were songs in the Dryad's summer night dreams; she herself stood there, again to fly away and disappear.

"There are gold fishes!" she exclaimed, nodding at them. "I am glad to have been allowed to see them. Yes, I do know you, and have known you a long while! The swallow told me about you in my own country home. How pretty and shiny, and how charming you are! I could kiss you, every one of you! I know the others also; this must be a crucian, and that is the delicate bream, and there swims the old moss-covered carp. I know you, but you do not know me!"

The fishes stared; they understood her not, they gazed in their dim twilight.

The Dryad was gone; she was in the open air, where the wonder-flower of the world exhaled its fragrance from many lands: from the rye-bread land, from the cod-fish coast, the Russia-leather country, the eau de cologne river-bed, and rose-oil orient.

When, after a ball, we drive home in our carriage, the melodies we have heard continue to ring in our ears for some time; we may sing every one of them again, and, as in the slain man's eye the last impression which the eye had

* The Tench evidently saw a lady dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion. — ED.

received remains photographed for some time, so remained yet the impress of the day's tumult and brilliancy upon the eye of night; it was neither absorbed nor blown away. The Dryad perceived it, and knew that it would thus continue to buzz quite into the morrow.

Now the Dryad was in the midst of fragrant roses; she thought she knew them, and that they were all from her own country; the roses from the castle's park and the pastor's garden.

She also recognized the red pomegranate; just such a one had Mary worn in her coal-black hair. The memory of her childhood's home in the country came twinkling in her thoughts; eagerly she drank in with her eyes the wonderful sights around her, while a feverish longing seized her, and carried her through the marvelous halls. She felt tired, and the fatigue increased. She felt a strong desire to rest upon the soft, outspread oriental cushions, or dive into the pure water, as the branches of the weeping willows did.

But the insect of a day has no rest; a few minutes, and the day would close. Her thoughts quivered, her limbs trembled, she sank down in the grass beside the babbling water.

"Thou springest from the earth with true life," she said; "cool my tongue, give me a refreshing drink."

"I am no living brook," said the water. "I run by machine."

"Give me some of thy freshness, thou green grass," begged the Dryad; "give me one of thy fragrant flowers."

"We shall die, if we are torn from our plant," answered grass-blade and flower.

"Give me a kiss, thou cooling breeze; only a single kiss upon my lips!"

"The sun will soon kiss the clouds red," said the wind, "and then thou shalt be with the dead, gone, as all this magnificence will be gone before the year is out. And then I can again play with the light, loose sand upon this place, blow the dust all over the earth, dust in the air, and nothing but dust."

The Dryad felt an anguish coming over her, like the woman that, in a bath, having severed an artery, and bleeding to death, wishes still to live, while her strength, from loss of blood, leaves her. She got up, advanced a few paces, fell down again in front of a little church. The gate was open, light was burning on the altar, and the organ sang. What heavenly music! such tones had the Dryad never heard before, and yet she seemed to recognize well-known voices. They

came from the depth of creation's great heart. She thought she heard the humming in the old oak-tree, and heard the old pastor talk of great deeds of men of great fame, and what God's creations might give to the coming time, would give, and therewith itself win eternal life. The organ's tones became stronger and louder; they sang, and spoke in the song:—

"Thy longing and desire tore thy roots from the place God had given them: it became thy ruin, poor Dryad!"

The organ's tones grew soft and gentle; they sang plaintively, and died away weeping. The clouds in the sky began to redden. The wind whispered and sang: "Go away, ye dead, the sun is rising."

His first ray fell upon the Dryad; her figure was radiant, changing colors, like a soap-bubble just before it bursts, vanishes, becomes a drop, a tear, that falls upon the earth, and leaves nothing behind.

Poor Dryad, a dew-drop, only a tear, wept, and dried up!

The sun shone upon the Champ de Mars; Fata Morgana shone over great Paris, over the little square, with a few trees and a prattling fountain; over the high houses, where the chestnut-tree stood, its branches hanging, its leaves dried up,—the tree that only yesterday stood erect and fresh, resembling spring himself. "Now it is dead," said people; the Dryad had left it, passed away, like the clouds, none knows whither.

And low upon the earth there lay a withered, broken chestnut-flower. The holy water of the church could not recall it to life again. Man's foot soon stepped upon it, and crushed it in the dust.

All this has happened and been lived through. We ourselves have seen it, at the time of the Paris Exhibition, in 1867,—in our time, in the great and wonderful time of Fairy.

BY A FEBRUARY FIRESIDE.

ANDERSEN is our guest again this month, and we all give place to him, with his wonder story of the Paris Exhibition. Hence, as we sit round the fire, instead of playing games and having tableaux, as I intended, we can only crack a few nuts:—and that makes me think that there is a picture to show, the first of several which will be given from time to time, showing familiar scenes in the city and country. It is the "Chestnut Woman." She stands at the corner of a street, by her brazier, roasting chestnuts over a charcoal fire. The little furnace on a stand, you see, has its door open; into that is put the fire, and over the fire is a coarse, colander sort of plate, upon which the chestnuts are placed and stirred about; the fire, when blazing, licks up through the holes of the plate. The woman keeps only a few in at a time, so that each customer who comes may have his piping hot. When the panful has been sold, she adds more chestnuts from the basket at her side. These two youngsters, newsboys evidently, will buy five cents' worth—about half a pint, I think. The chestnuts are not always those that grow on our trees; these vendors are, many of them, from France or Italy, and the chestnuts are sometimes the large, rather coarse-flavored nut of those countries. If the Dryad's tree had lived to grow up, it might have produced such.



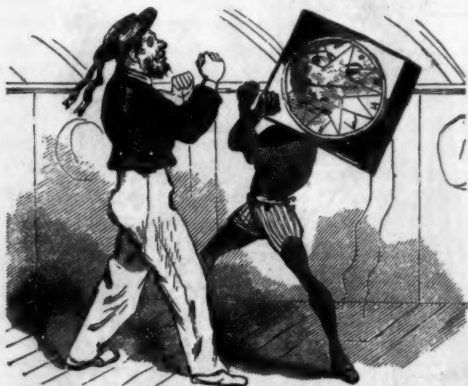
PICTURESQUE QUESTIONS.



What architectural edifice does this picture suggest?



What valuable business qualification does this device portray?



Of what nautical achievement are you reminded by this design?

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMA.

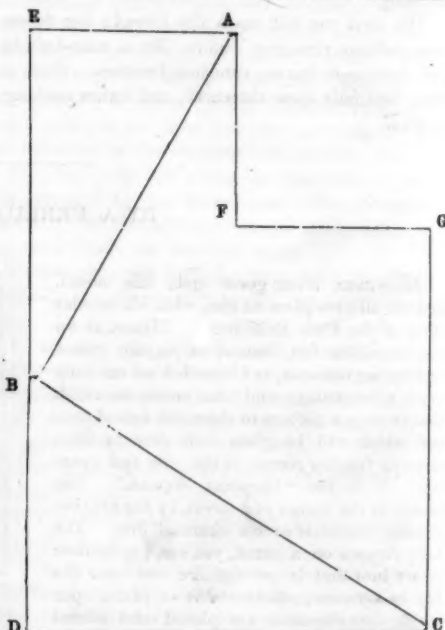
I am composed of 10 letters:—My 1, 5, 4 is an obstruction in a stream. My 8, 2, 3, 4, 7, 1 is a sacred book. My 9, 7, 6, 8 is a favorite amusement

in England. My 9, 2, 4, 5, 6 is the name of a man in the Old Testament. My 4, 10, 3, 8, 2 is an island in the Mediterranean Sea. My whole is a town mentioned in the Gospel of St. Mark. M. W. T.

FRENCH ENIGMAS.

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ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JANUARY NUMBER.



Lay the segment BDC so that the line BD shall adjoin AF, and the segment EAB so that EB adjoins GC, and the square is made.

Charade.—Wind-pipe. *Latin Sentences.*—1. Hooraw for red, white, and blue. 2. Never too late to mend. *Double Meaning.*—Glass. *Anagrammatic Enigma.*—Sleighting. *Merry Christmas.*—The first letters read down the verses make "Christmas Eve," and "Christmas Day." The first letters of the third word in each line make: "deeds by night; deeds by light." *Double Acrostic Charade.*—Foundation words: Thomas Tucker. Cross-words: 1. Tea-pot. 2. Hortu. 3. Opodeldoc. 4. Mark. 5. Acre. 6. Supper.

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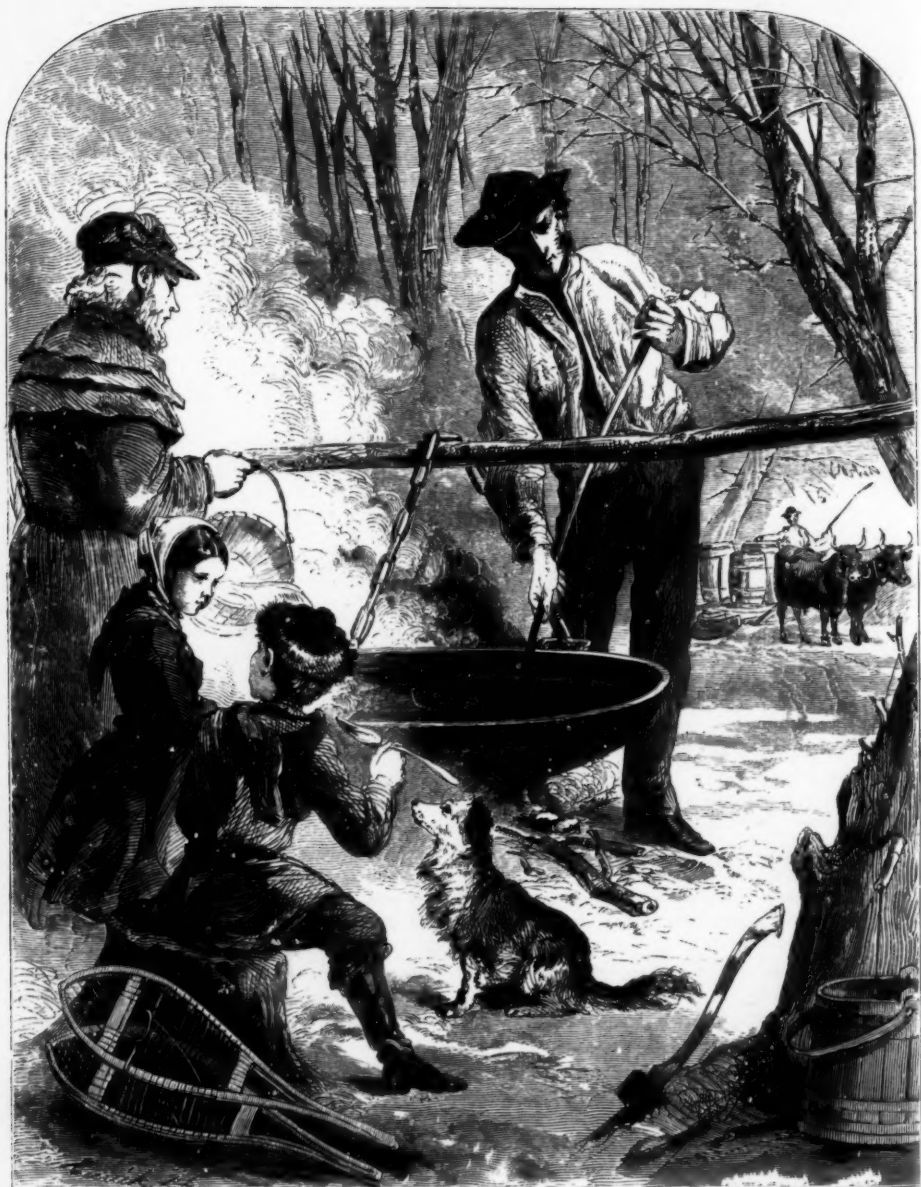
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